

Nation's Business

A GENERAL MAGAZINE FOR BUSINESSMEN

MARCH 1953

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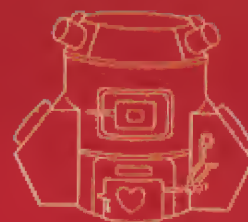


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BY ALAN L. OTTEN & CHARLES B. SEIB

PORT AUTHORITIES: good or bad

BY COLLIE SMALL



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NATION'S BUSINESS • MARCH 1953

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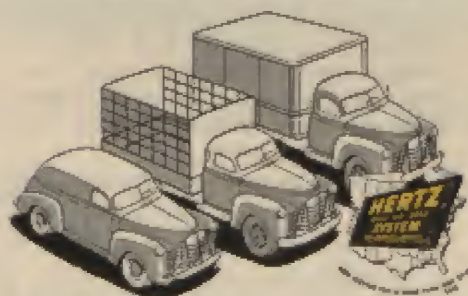
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We do not hesitate in stating that the benefits we received from your services, both actually and on a projected basis, have exceeded the initial cost or outlay we then incurred. We have decided to retain you periodically to tighten the various controls and reset our standards.

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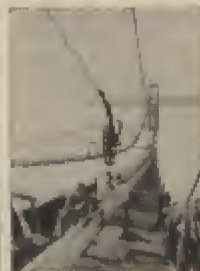
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

EARLY last century most communities of any size had a "ropewalk." This was a long, flat building where ropemakers walked back and forth forming and laying large ropes. Some, for very large ropes, were in the open. Even now rope in some parts of the world is made by this



crude, hand method.

Place the ropewalk high in the cold, miserable, winter sky, nearly 35 stories above the Delaware River, and substitute strands of steel and you have the operation of the modern "ropemakers" shown on our cover.

Their "rope" is the giant cable that supports the Delaware Memorial Bridge, near Wilmington. "Cord" comes from tremendous rolls of wire which is nearly a fifth of an inch in diameter, considerably larger and stronger than any the old-time ropemakers might have imagined.

What the men on the bridge operate is called the "spinning wheel." It reels out the steel fiber which the men make into a cable with their hands in the manner of early ropemakers. The spinners make hundreds of trips back and forth along the aerial ropewalk.

Each wire crosses and recrosses the bridge to form a cable of 436 strands. The ends are then welded together. The cable next is wrapped with another steel string, binding together the bundle of wires. Suspension cables of this kind are many times stronger than a single string of solid steel the same size. Altogether, the spinners wove 12,000 miles of heavy wire into this bridge.

The view on our cover was painted by GLEN FLEISCHMANN. The \$44,000,000 bridge was completed in August, 1951, and already nearly 9,000,000 vehicles have crossed it. The American Bridge Division of the United States Steel Company, using 175 subcontractors, built the superstructure. The substructure was built by the Merritt-Chapman and Scott Corporation.

ONE of the most important problems before the Congress—and before the nation—is the new federal budget. Thoughtful people agree that federal spending can be reduced and have pointed out ways that this can be done without crippling the efficiency of govern-

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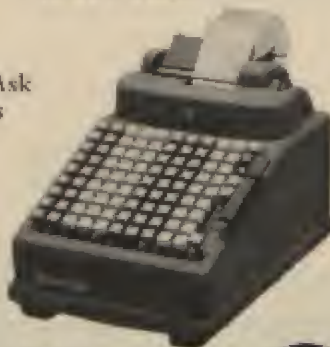
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ment service. But all these ideas remain only plans, suggestions, or recommendations until the House Ways and Means Committee acts on them.

For this reason, people interested in taxes must also be interested in the personality and views of Rep. Daniel A. Reed, new chairman of the committee. In this issue of NATION'S BUSINESS our readers get a chance to meet him. **ALAN L. OTTEN** and **CHARLES B. SEIB** have handled the introduction.

The authors are Washington reporters with much in common. Coming to the capital in the same month (August, 1946), they were assigned the same stories to cover and both married newspaperwomen.

Mr. Otten now covers the House of Representatives for the *Wall Street Journal*. Mr. Seib is assistant bureau chief for Gannett Newspapers.

Despite similarities in work and background, the authors have one difference—the Ottens have three daughters and the Seibs have a son.

MOST SHIPS don't go aground, but when one does it is rarely near available salvage equipment. Often a rescue crew and equipment must be assembled quickly and speeded to the wreck.

JOHN WESLEY NOBLE took a job as a member of such a salvage crew and worked with it for nearly a month, until the ship finally slipped off the rocks into the sea and floated. Then he wrote "Towing Home \$1,000,000," which tells of the salvage of a Japanese freighter that crashed into the California coast north of the Golden Gate Bridge.

AT VARIOUS times, **DON TRACY**, the author of "Thousand Dollar Fish," has served as armored



NEADE STUDIO

car guard, clothing catalog model, tea room manager, tap dancer, mattress salesman, real estate salesman, farm hand, newspaperman and city editor, radio news writer, script writer for commentators, military policeman and fiction writer. Six of his books have been published, the seventh, "Crimson Is the Eastern Shore," to be out this spring.

PERHAPS few persons realize that exploration is a more popular pursuit today than when the world was considered flat. Expeditions

normally get little publicity. Yet they number at the moment more than 100.

While there are no continents left to find, much is yet to be understood about the world we live in. What modern explorers seek is scientific information and their efforts result in a better life for all. **HAWTHORNE DANIEL** discusses the topic in "Age of Discovery—Now."

ANYONE wanting to become an inventor today needs an education, and plenty of it, in the opinion of **ALBERT Q. MAISEL**. Yet this requirement has not always existed. One of the nation's top tinkers is William K. Kearsley, whose schooling stopped with one year of high school, but whose gadgets have earned probably \$10,000,000.

Many of Mr. Kearsley's achievements were inspired by personal discomfort. As a bachelor, many years ago, he got cold at night, so he made a thing which warmed his feet, closed windows, kindled a fire and set a phonograph to playing in the morning. His foot warmer was the ancestor of the electric blanket.

Mr. Maisel, unlike Mr. Kearsley, is no fixer. On his seven-acre farm near Ossining, N. Y., he is surrounded by geniuses, starting with Grandpa, who is always taking things apart to "re-align the intra-fuscal bearings or detoxify the left whosits." Robin Maisel, aged eight, has taken over Pop's wire recorder and entertains music-loving guests with his own programs. Merry Maisel, aged 11, has a 12-year-old boy friend who has a radio ham's license. Merry has learned code and has built a sending set.

All this inventive genius astounds the head of the household, who writes his articles in longhand, to be typed by Mother Maisel after she fixes the vacuum cleaner.

ALSO in this issue: "Speech for the Silent," by **STANLEY FRANK** — "People with speech troubles are not much better off than 3,000 years ago," writes Mr. Frank. Persons with speech defects constitute a group perhaps larger than any other class of disabled. Institutions like the one in the article have gained great distinction for their help for the silent.

"America's Third Migration," by **JULIUS HIRSCH** — Population, besides growing, is shifting toward the sunny regions.

"Prep School of the Stars," by **RICHARD TREGASKIS** — Want to become a movie star? There's no set pattern, of course, but many of the now greats first acted in the Pasadena Playhouse.



LEFT—The mirror on the wall behind the organ and choir stalls looks like an ordinary mirror, but—

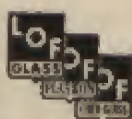
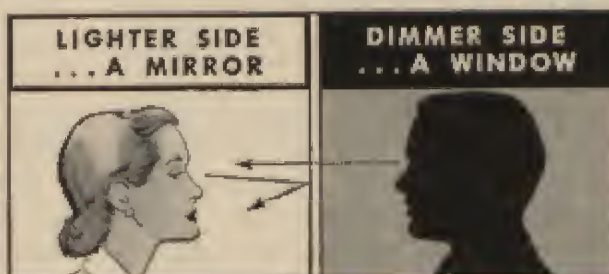


BELOW—Here's what you see looking through the mirror from the control room behind it. The mirror is transparent *Mirropane*®. Architects: Marsh, Smith & Powell, Los Angeles.

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► THERE ARE BUILT-IN tax cuts in budget figures Eisenhower inherited from Truman.

Receipts are based on "existing tax laws."

Which means revenue figures are computed on assumption expiring tax laws will go off the books on schedule.

These include excess profits tax, which expires June 30, and the post-Korea 11 per cent increase on income tax rates, which expires Dec. 31—in the middle of Government's fiscal year.

► YOU CAN FORGET that \$9,900,000,000 deficit figure bouncing around in budget talk.

It means little. It's difference (in Truman-Administration-prepared figures) between anticipated expenditures and revenues for fiscal '54.

But record shows Truman Administration always overestimated expenditures.

Example: In 1952 estimate was \$71,-600,000,000. Actual was \$66,100,000,000.

For current fiscal year spending estimate originally was \$85,400,000,000. Actual will be \$75,000,000,000 or less.

Former President Truman's fiscal experts also nearly always underestimated revenues.

Shake out these estimate errors, and real deficit potential in administrative budget inherited by Eisenhower is probably about \$6,000,000,000.

All of which increases likelihood of tax cuts through scheduled—or stepped up—expirations.

► DOES CONGRESS control spending?

It's generally taught (and believed) that legislators have a tight hold on governmental purse strings.

But let's take another look at that—

It's function of executive branch in any organization to make the plans for spending—to set the pattern.

In Government it's the executive branch that does such planning (usually with counsel of Congressional leaders), that sends a spending outline to Congress. It gives Congress the basis for appropriations.

Don't doubt the great influence of Congress over amount of spending, the places where it will be done. But don't overlook fact that the pattern-setting program comes from the White House.

Note: Budget inherited by Eisenhower calls for expenditure of \$78,600,000,-000 for '54. But only \$41,000,000,000 scheduled for '54 spending would come out of '54 appropriations.

Remainder of actual payout would come from appropriation authority carried over from earlier years.

So this vast remainder is not under control—or even influence—of this year's appropriations committee.

Change in that program would require change in existing laws.

► CONGRESSMEN WORRY over inflation potential in event of national emergency.

That concern underlies apparent lack of unity throughout Washington on controls policy.

President's intent was so clear that thousands of pink slips went into control agency pay envelopes a few days after his State of the Union address.

Now comes much talk in Capitol Hill committee rooms and corridors on stand-by controls—and some extremely unusual interpretation of the term "stand-by."

That word generally is taken to mean a law on the books, ready for instant application in case of emergency.

But look at "stand-by" bill sponsored by Senator Capehart. His bill would—

Re-create an Office of Price Stabilization and a Wage Stabilization Board.

Give them "continuing functions" to establish and maintain procedures for study, evaluation of price, wage trends.

Require them to make monthly reports to Congress, and any special reports their heads should choose to make.

Give them authority to consult with advisory committees on price trends and "the improvement of pricing techniques" which might be used in future.

Require them to draft regulations and to conduct "protest and review" proceedings under authority of the Defense Act of 1950—the old controls law.

Authorize and direct them to "complete promptly investigations of violations or orders relating to prices or wages, salaries and other compensation" arising under the old act.

Require them to assist the attorney general in prosecution of suits based on violations of that law.

Direct them to provide information and

special reports for Internal Revenue, Federal Trade Commission, Justice Department, other government agencies, concerning pricing of materials used in defense.

What does all this amount to?

Simply: Re-enactment of the controls new Administration has decided to junk as an unnecessary harassment.

Requirements set up in Capehart bill obviously could not be carried out without—

Nationwide checking and policing agencies involving thousands of employees, hundreds of offices, continuous investigation of business practices.

Bill also would set up new advisory committee representing business, labor, the public and consumers to advise the President when to pull the trigger, set in full motion the policing agencies.

But it also adds: "Any provision of this act to the contrary notwithstanding, the President may exercise any authority granted to him in this act without prior consultation with the National Advisory Council in the event a state of war exists."

What's a state of war? Who shall say when it exists? Capehart proposal doesn't say.

It's example of surprise package that can come up in a friendly Congress within a few days after a friendly President expresses an opposite view.

► YOU WON'T LIKE the revised Taft-Hartley Act—no matter where you sit.

Here's the way it's shaping up now: Some liberalizing amendments, some tightening amendments. Neither management nor labor will feel it has come away with a better law.

One possible move: Appointment of a commission, all members representing the public, to go thoroughly into principles underlying labor legislation, make new recommendations to the President.

► HOW DO WE KEEP this market going?

Home building industry is asking itself that question. And—perhaps more important—it's getting ready to ask customers, prospects their desires.

Industry is confident it has another 1,000,000-dwelling year under way—so far volume appears to be above 1952.

But construction leaders, suppliers,

others interested in home market are seeking ways to keep demand alive.

Principal targets:

Plush market prospects—those who want (or can be made to want) a little better bathtub, a little bigger, better house throughout.

And mass market prospects—who are growing out of the two-bedroom houses, apartments built after the war to meet housing shortage.

Construction men are convinced there's demand in both markets for more quality, more home for the buyers' dollar.

Prospects are becoming increasingly more selective.

Note: Market surveys—first step in bettering sales procedures—are in plan stage.

► DON'T BE TOO IMPRESSED with farm commodity price dip—as a trend sign.

There are definite causes behind it. They have run their course. Look for leveling out, not continued slide.

Second largest crop on record (largest on record if you include livestock marketings) is primary cause of softness.

Secondary cause: Lowering export demand as production rises in other lands.

Contributing cause: Backlash of speculative buying that followed Korea—it has double depressive effect when buying stops, holders unload.

Note: Agriculture Department figures show 1952 prices received by farmers on the average were 101 per cent of parity.

► COMPETITION TIGHTENS in auto industry—all the way from executive offices to used car lots.

New model styling is somewhat fluid instead of fixed as manufacturers keep close watch on public's preferences, make quick changes to meet them—and to meet competition.

Example: One maker left out rear quarter windows on sedans, promptly put them back when a competitor's new model came out with rear quarter windows.

Such change in production run is expensive process. Cost is added to list price or billed to dealers as an extra.

Higher price tags bring concern to dealers, already selling hard to overcome resistance to low trade-in allowances.

Trade-in prices drop as used car in-

washington letter

ventories rise—and they have been rising.

Dealers' appraisal of used car market (and its outlook) is influenced sharply by finance companies' policies.

In some areas finance houses are declining to take paper on retail purchase of older than '49 models without dealer recourse—which means the dealer will pay up if the customer doesn't.

So reluctance in used car market hits dealers from two directions.

Says one dealer:

"Manufacturers are turning out cars like mad, so our new car inventory is rising, along with used cars.

"Some dealers are about to find they are running out of enough money to carry the load."

► **SOME BUSINESS** analysts point to record-high consumer credit level as a danger sign.

Americans owe about \$24,000,000,000 for things they've bought on tick. About two-thirds of that is credit extended on instalment plans.

Business is buoyed by record high personal income, plus record high credit. What happens when credit sales no longer add to market demand, possibly swing the other way? That's point that concerns the experts.

Federal Reserve Board also is interested in just what this new high means.

Economists there look at growing population, ponder this question:

Does credit total mean credit buyers are deeper in hock, or are there more credit buyers—maintaining a traditional credit-income ratio?

Federal Reserve has researchers in the field now seeking answer to this question. Results of survey should be published soon.

► **THERE'S MORE LIFE** insurance in force in the U. S. today than ever before—as well as more autos on the road, more dishwashers in the kitchen.

About 88,000,000 policyholders own a total of nearly \$276,000,000,000 in life insurance.

Final figures show '52 net gain was almost \$23,000,000,000—new high for a single year.

Total purchase of life insurance was more than \$32,000,000,000. That's 75 per cent greater than last year's \$18,000,-

000,000 net personal savings figure—which was its highest level since 1944.

► **INTEREST RATES** moving to higher levels may not stay there.

Downward pressure is likely to develop from funds seeking investment.

Life insurance premiums rolling in at greatest rate ever must be invested.

Amortization of loans (widespread in recent years) means steady flow of repayment funds seeking reinvestment.

These pressures may become strong enough to bring lower, instead of higher, interest rates.

► **TO HANG ONTO** some of their expanded size after World War II many aircraft makers went into civilian lines.

Few of these ventures ever got off the ground.

Today's big builders of military aircraft face—some day—another power-off period. So again they're thinking of other, more stable lines.

But this time they're going about it in a different way. Instead of turning aircraft plants over to peacetime products, they are looking over small or medium sized manufacturing firms already solidly established in civilian lines.

Their plans: Buy them out, acquire their know-how—and distribution channels.

► **BRIEFS:** "The business is there if the dealers sell hard enough to get it—and we think they will." That's how a farm equipment maker sums up his industry's '53 outlook. . . . Early this year commercial construction put in place was running 25 per cent ahead of year ago. . . . Navy has used more bombs, rockets, bullets in Korea than it used in World War II. . . . Consumption of petroleum products reaches new high nearly every day. But profits on it are slipping—because of higher wage, maintenance, drilling, exploration costs. . . . Four-place airplanes outsell two-place types by nearly five to one. Which means there's growing executive use of aircraft, less pilot training in progress. . . . Let's Hope It Ain't So Dept.: New York newspaper headlines story in bank's annual report statement: "Election is Seen As Turning Point". Bottom deck on same headline reads: "Bank's 1952 Operating Profits Highest in Its History."

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WESTERN UNION

R. S. Duffus

BY MY WAY



Town meeting month

I SUPPOSE there is no institution so out of harmony with what makes most of today's news as is the old-style New England town meeting. We let our interests drift away from small-scale local affairs to big ones involving continents and millions of people. I don't say continents and millions of people aren't important, but I think the world might be better off if little things and a few hundred or even dozen people were also treated as important. The glory of the old town meeting was that it was pure democracy without being in any sense a mob. Any male who was of voting age and not in jail or out of his mind could talk and vote. The women's turn was coming, too. I'm glad I was brought up under that plan. I'm glad it survives, as it does, in some townships. And I hope that some day, after all the world's big problems are solved, we can get back to working on some of the little ones—let's say the sewer system, the new high school, the East Hill road and the best way to deal with careless canines—at a free meeting of free voters in Town Hall.

It was the month of March that set me thinking along these lines, for the annual town meetings by tradition are held then. In March, as our wise forefathers figured, the weather was so bad a man didn't waste his time when he took up public affairs; and with the weather so mean there was a tendency for human beings to be a little less mean.

Vermont Day

MARCH 4 used to be, every four years, Inauguration Day. Now, as we have all been recently reminded, Jan. 20 has taken over. But we can still celebrate the Glorious Fourth of March. It was on that date, in the year 1791, that the free and independent state of Vermont was admitted to the Union—or, as

some unreconstructed Vermonters look upon it, that the other states were permitted to unite with Vermont. Anyhow, as a Vermonter by birth and a wanderer by fortune, I raise my mug of cider in a toast.

Rural life in the city

OUR FAMILY—both of us—can stand the hardships of winter in the country and enjoy the beauty of the season. We love the purity of newly fallen snow, the breathtaking glory of an ice storm, the sharp, bracing tang of a frosty morning. However, we generally move into the city for a month or two, as we have done this year.

In the city the air is not so clean but I get more of it. I walk to work, 11 blocks down and almost two blocks over, whenever the weather permits, whereas in the country I usually demand transportation. In the city we see more of the sky, because we live ten stories up and are not shut in by trees and hill slopes.

In the country we have our favorite grocery stores, restaurants, motion picture theaters, and so on. This is also the case in the city. Once there was a driver on a city bus line who used to say good morning to his regular customers, including at that time myself, but



I believe he was made president of a bank or something; anyhow, he is not there any more. I know a driver on a country bus line, too; he is no more and no less human than his city cousin.

The city is, to be sure, artificial. Man was never made to live in cities. Nor was he made to live in a country home entirely dependent on electricity—that is artificial, too. Man was made to live in a cave or tree, and sometimes it seems too bad he complicated his existence

by coming out of the cave or down from the tree.

Soon we shall be tired of the city. At the moment, however, we find it simple, relaxing and, if my meaning will not be misunderstood, somewhat rural. We're much more sophisticated in Westport, Conn.

Here come the gypsies!

IF ALL the world were gypsies we'd lack a number of things we now have—the A-bomb among them. But I believe it is a good thing to keep the wandering spirit alive, as I note it is among the gypsies of Kent County, England. There, as the county authorities have recently reported, these ancient people have changed little for four centuries and a half, at least. In summer they drift around—perhaps using motor vehicles instead



of horses. In winter they stay put. The United Press says they "still earn their living by fortunetelling, part-time farm work, trading and hawking, and remain illiterate and largely ignorant of the laws of the country." They have their own language still. Those who want to know more about them might read George Borrow's "Lavengro" (1851) and "Romany Rye" (1857). I don't wish to be a gypsy, and probably wouldn't be allowed to be if I did wish; they have their faults; we couldn't operate a modern civilization with them; but somehow it's pleasant to think about them once in a while. Whatever their little weaknesses, they haven't been regimented.

Miami pioneer

IT SEEMS to me that I was born just the other day, but I lately read that Miami, Fla., had only one store and a post office on that day and in that year. William Jerry White moved in about that time, making 16 inhabitants, all told, and bought a homestead of 160 acres on land now a part of Miami City. I am still here but Mr. White passed away late in 1952, at the age of 87. We talk a lot about western pioneering, but sometimes forget the modern pioneering that went on in other parts of the country—in Florida, with the tourist boom; in Detroit and other industrial cities, to which people flocked hunting

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jobs; in Washington, D. C., where Government lured its new thousands. But I like the thought of Miami, because it doesn't suggest work. Or should I say this in public?

But an engine, too?

A MAN in West Seboois, Maine, lives in an old passenger-baggage car he bought from the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad; total cost, including conversion, about \$375 for living room, bedroom and kitchen. But I stick to the dream I have



more than once written about in this department. I wouldn't mind having a combined passenger-baggage car, but I would also like to have a locomotive and some track. Much has been said about the passing of the steam locomotive, and certainly the wood-burner is obsolete. If I could have one of those, with a big bell stack and a mile or so of rails and ties and right of way, I wouldn't complain—indeed, I wouldn't.

Sure, spring's coming

THE fascination of life in the so-called temperate zone is that what happens there is incredible. As these words are written spring, real spring, is impossible. Perhaps the same will be true when they are in print. You can't make me believe that the birds, the flowers and the guppies (a guppy is a little fish and I have just been reading something a Yale professor said about him, linking him with birds and flowers) will before long be blooming. But they will—they really will.

Deer on Long Island

I DON'T know how many deer there were in what is now Suffolk County, Long Island, N. Y., when the first settlers settled there, but



at the end of 1952 the number was reckoned at 10,000. This is about one deer for every 30 inhabitants, more or less, and the County Farm Bureau says it is too many. That is, it is too many for farmers whose

Chessietown men are handy with tools

Sam is like a lot of other men in Chessietown—he prides himself on being able to do most things well. When his wife wanted a picture window, Sam put it in. When his boys wanted a boat, he helped them build it. And his car, which looks and runs like new, has seldom seen the inside of a garage in its ten hard-working years.

Men like Sam are good workmen. They are resourceful; learn new skills quickly; take a lot of pride in doing a job well. Many of the virtues of their pioneering ancestors are still strong in these Chessie people. Independence is one. Thrift is another. Most of these folks own their own homes. Many live on small farms. A lot develop hobbies into part-time business.

You'll have real respect for the Chessietown people when you get to know them; you'll like having them working for you.

And the people are only one of the good reasons so many new industries are locating in our part of the country. It's nice to have your raw materials right in the back yard and most of the nation's markets only a day or two distant by C & O fast freight. Let our industrial experts make up a pin-point survey showing how perfectly a location on the C & O would fit the needs of your business.

Write to Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, Industrial Development Department, Terminal Tower, Cleveland 1, Ohio. All information is accurate, confidential and adequately supported with photos, maps, aerial surveys and vital statistics.

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crops are trampled, and not enough for people who would like to have a hunk of venison every day or so for dinner. Possibly there were more deer per capita three centuries ago, because there were so many fewer people, either Indians or settlers, to provide the capita. But these crises remind us we are not so far away from a state of nature as we often think. Deer are pretty creatures but they will multiply if they get a chance; and if they succeeded in outmultiplying the human race we would find out in short order if they really cared; they are selfish and wouldn't care at all.

Birds on vacation

ONE doesn't have to go way down south in Dixieland any more to hear a mockingbird, though they do sound pretty cute down there. The Museum of Natural History in New York City says these amateurs of the musical world are extending their range northward, as are the cardinal, the turkey vulture and the Carolina wren. I can testify personally (or impersonally, if preferred) to the appearance of cardinals in southwestern Connecticut. Experts say this movement is due to hard times (among birds) in the South. There just isn't enough birdseed, worm meat, or whatever it takes, down there. But I think different. I think our winged visitors are like their human neighbors; they are restless and take advantage of special vacation rates to see the country. Why not? I know I would do so if I were a bird.

New uses for old bells

SIXTY-THREE retired locomotive bells, according to a statement recently issued by a Long Island Railroad spokesman, are now ringing in Long Island church steeples and in front of firehouses, and others have been sent as far as Central and South America. The thought of an engine bell calling to worship might startle some persons, for such a bell might seem to suggest adventure and excitement, not contemplation. But reverence is in the heart. I have heard many an engine bell ringing, long ago, as I lay half asleep in a cherished house not far from the Central Vermont Railway lines; what the bells meant then was peace and reassurance; they meant that all was well with the world, that there was a purpose behind everything, and that a boy might hope for happy endings.



LAWRENCE F. HURLEY

AS EDITOR of NATION'S BUSINESS, Larry Hurley was naturally editor of this department. I think I knew what he liked best and what he liked least in what was written here, but he never said an unkindly critical word or made a single suggestion as to what ought to be written. The nearest he came to that was when he hinted that I might wish to read the late William Graham Sumner's essay on "The Forgotten Man"—the man who works, saves and pays but doesn't get his name in the newspapers.

But Larry Hurley was a person whose professional and private approval one valued. One knew there was something sound and good in anything he liked. He could pass stern judgments where basic rights and wrongs were involved. He could be indignant. He wasn't capable of hate. He was gentle and warm and strong. Even those of us who saw him infrequently will sorely miss him. This just isn't as friendly a world without Larry Hurley in it.

—R. L. DUFFUS

OF NATION'S BUSINESS Trends

THE STATE OF THE NATION

BY FELIX MORLEY

A RECENT Gallup Poll indicates that one quarter of the voters, last November, regarded the Korean imbroglio as the most important issue in the last election. This poll further asserts that nearly one third of all the registered Democrats who voted for President Eisenhower did so because of their strong feeling on this single count.

One must conclude that this particular analysis is essentially accurate. Many of the new Republican congressmen say frankly that they are in Washington primarily because of strong feeling over Korea in their constituencies. And more than one prominent supporter of Governor Stevenson has asserted that he was defeated for the same reason. This argument is sustained by Dr. Gallup's estimate that 24 per cent of the electorate put Korea above all other issues. For President Eisenhower's popular vote was only 55 per cent of the total. He would have fallen far short of a majority if one quarter of his ballots had been withheld.

If there had been no war in Korea doubtless many who say this factor swayed them would still have voted Republican. They would have been influenced by corruption or some other factor. But when every proper discount is made it is still undeniable that the Korean war is a domestic political issue of the first importance. Napoleon, at St. Helena, remarked that: "The Spanish ulcer killed me." He meant that the fundamental cause of his downfall was inability to conclude a peace in Spain. Similarly it can be said that the

Korean ulcer is at this moment highly injurious for the party in power in the United States.

As the new Administration settles to its work, all of its leaders realize painfully that the Korean ulcer is not healed. It could be forgotten, temporarily, in the exultation of the change, in the Republican enthusiasm over the return to office after a political exile of 20 years. But the glamor of the most spectacular Inaugural is fleeting. And six weeks after the triumphant sunshine parade up Pennsylvania Avenue, that street is heavily overcast by the shadow of Korea.

• • •

At the Capitol end of "The Avenue," as Washington fondly calls it, the Republican legislators are sitting in that shadow. They can claim a scant majority of ten in the House but do not have a single superfluous vote in the Senate. It is the narrowest margin of congressional power ever possessed by an incoming President. Senator Taft and Representative Martin have a little more leeway than the figures indicate, because in many matters they can expect support from the conservative southern Democrats. Senator Byrd and others below the Mason and Dixon line looked benevolently on General Eisenhower in 1952. But this does not mean that they will work for Republican congressmen in 1954. So the specter of the off-year elections, now only 20 months away, already looms large in the Republican cloak-rooms, especially on the House side.

Korea gave the Republicans their House major-

ity—such as it is. And Korea could just as easily bring the Democrats back, with a far greater majority, if that ulcer is still troubling the body politic next year. Every G.O.P. congressman who got in by a narrow margin is worried about it. And some are frank to say, off the record, that unless this discontent is assuaged they will not stand a Chinaman's chance of re-election. Under the circumstances the metaphor is not the happiest. But then the thought behind it is not happy either.

Impatience is therefore already obvious on the Republican side of the Eighty-third Congress, more apparent in the House than the Senate because every member of the former must face his constituents again next year. Already the letters from back home are asking Representative X to say what he is doing about Korea. The honest answer, of course, would be that there is little the individual representative can do. But how many congressmen, hoping for re-election, have courage to tell that blunt truth to voters whose sons are in, or destined for, the Asiatic theater?

• • •

The result is that pressure from Congress to find a Korean solution is building up. The pressure on Congress from the grassroots is being transmitted by Congress to the White House. President Eisenhower is told that a solution is politically essential, unless he is willing to face a hostile Congress during the second half of his term. And the President's admirable postelection visit to the front is proving something of a boomerang, because it aroused popular expectations of a settlement which were not less hopeful because completely unrealistic.

Of course there is no easy panacea for the Korean ulcer. No rabbit solution can be magically extracted by the President from a black Homburg or any other hat. Indeed one does not need the confidence of the Pentagon to realize that there are only two alternatives, both unpleasant, to letting the Korean ulcer continue into its fourth year of malignant activity. One of these broad alternatives is to pull out altogether. The other is to go in, with equal decisiveness. And each of these alternatives would entail consequences that few people want to envisage. For the first would probably mean the surrender of all Asia to Communist control and the second would mean casualties far exceeding those that have already stricken more than 130,000 American homes.

The situation is further complicated because the so-called "police action" in Korea was not undertaken as an independent American decision. From the beginning it has been pictured as a cooperative resistance to aggression.

Therefore, even though this country makes

most of the effort, and takes the greater sacrifice, no major decision can properly be made without the approval of the United Nations as a whole. This complication has encouraged the policy of drift, now approaching an end because our own public opinion insistently demands a solution of one kind or another. But, as the hour of determination draws near, it becomes the more essential to select carefully between the difficult alternatives available. The wrong choice would only make a bad situation worse.

The impressive Inaugural Address of President Eisenhower included at least one truth directly applicable to this dilemma.

"Whatever America hopes to bring to pass in the world," he said, "must first come to pass in the heart of America."

Under our system of representative government that is no glittering generality. On the contrary it is sharp and incisive analysis. Applied to the case under consideration it means that whatever is done about Korea must first be accepted in all its implications by people throughout the country.

To tell your congressman that he must "do something" is an inadequate response to the duty of citizenship. If this demand is repeated vociferously the Congress will surely pass it on to the White House. If pressured sufficiently by Congress the White House will then undoubtedly—well before the next election—"do something." But actions taken under such pressure are not necessarily wise. They could be disastrous.

• • •

Representative government—which we loosely call "democracy"—is necessarily pressure government. The voters elect their representatives to fulfill the sovereign will of the people, and if that will is wholly disregarded the congressman returns to private life. Similarly if the Administration also ignores a resolute popular demand, it, too, in time is thrown from office.

Few question the desirability of this governmental responsiveness to the general will. But the will to an end must be precise, and conscious of the cost involved, if it is to be worthy of the name. Mere wishful thinking, plaintive and querulous, is not positive will but merely immature desire.

Disaster threatens when government to save itself responds not to a well formulated public demand, but to a childish pressure that wholly ignores the consequences of what it wants.

Something will soon be done about Korea. But, whatever is brought to pass in that country, should first come to pass in our own hearts. It is not the American way to ask a Fuehrer to carry the burden for us. Yet that is the effect if we only pressure our congressmen to pressure the White House to "do something."

Which of these 4 dangerous ideas do you have?

(Any one of them could put you out of business)



1. Do you have the idea your accounts receivable and other business records will always be there when they're needed? Don't be too sure. Many a businessman has discovered, after a fire, that the records he thought safe, were ashes . . . and the business that depended on them, totally ruined.



2. Do you have the idea an old, heavy-walled safe will guard your records from fire? It's a dangerous idea. Many safes, old and new, without Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. "A" Labels often act as incinerators when the temperature gets above 350° F. They cremate records.



3. Do you have the idea a fireproof building is a sure-fire protection? Just ask a fireman. You'll find that buildings like this only wall-in an office fire. They actually make it hotter!



4. Do you have the idea your fire insurance would cover all your losses? Take a good look at your policies or ask your insurance broker or auditor. You'll find you have to prepare a proof-of-loss statement before you can collect fully. Could you do it—without inventory records?

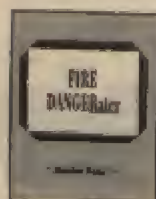
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BY EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

WASHINGTON MOOD

THE BIG CHANGE is having its impact here. It is noticeable, not only in the new foreign and domestic policies, but in customs, language and atmosphere.

President Eisenhower gets to his desk at 8 a.m., and many other government executives are doing likewise. The society pages of Washington's newspapers have undergone a metamorphosis. Names that filled these pages for 20 years have disappeared, and now the headlines and the picture layouts are dominated by such Republican grand dames as Alice Roosevelt Longworth. It is noticed, too, that the mink coat is once more in vogue; for a time in the Truman Administration, the cabinet ladies and others put aside their minks in favor of cloth coats, for obvious reasons.

The language of government is becoming more and more a mixture of management, Army and sports nomenclature. There is much talk of "efficiency" and "teamwork." The words "planning," "staff work," and "echelon" also are popular.

But perhaps the greatest change of all is in the atmosphere. There is a tranquility about Washington that the city has not known in years. True, there has been fumbling and crossed signals and embarrassments, but the fledgling Administration has charged all this up to experience and has moved ahead.

After the hullabaloo and feuding of the New Deal and Fair Deal years, the relative serenity along the Potomac seems almost startling. This doesn't mean inaction by any means. The machinery of government is revolving all right; it's just that the engineers are getting along in peace and are not inclined to drop any monkey wrenches.

President Eisenhower, a terror to the enemy when he was a soldier, has a strong distaste for quarreling on the home front. He has leaned over backward in an effort to get along with Congress, even going so far as to surrender powers and advantages possessed by his predecessors. The Republican lawmakers seem just as eager to accommodate him.

The new Chief Executive did much to strengthen

en his position when he delivered his first State of the Union message before a joint session. He made a hit, not only by what he said, but by the way he said it—by his coolness and self-assurance. His Republican cohorts looked up at him on the dais as if he were Yankee Doodle Dandy.

The country itself probably welcomes a cessation of political hair-pulling in Washington. However, there are some—certain news commentators, for example—who find it on the dull side. In the absence of excitement, they are forced to speculate on when the fireworks will come to break up the honeymoon.

The Republican leaders in Congress, including men who had been rawhiding the Democratic Administrations over the years, see no reason why there should be a deadline for the cordial relationship existing between the President and themselves.

"Why should there be any break?" asked one old-timer recently.

The obvious answer is that a clash between the Executive and Legislative branches is inherent in our system of checks and balances. In time grievances pile up, jealousy and tension develop, and then there is an explosion.

This may be so, but there is no rule or tradition that says just when the explosion has to come.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's honeymoon lasted for more than four years; at least, his personal sway over Congress lasted that long. The Republicans, their ranks shattered, hardly dared to challenge F.D.R. so great was his popularity. The Liberty League was set up in 1934 to try and halt his New Deal, but it had no great success. Finally, Mr. Roosevelt ended the honeymoon himself—by his proposal in 1937 to shake up the Supreme Court.

Harry S. Truman enjoyed a popularity even greater than Mr. Roosevelt's for a time. Many things were responsible for it: the ending of the war in Europe shortly after he took office, his invitation to Messrs. Hoover, Landon and Dewey to visit him at the White House, and a widespread feeling that he was a man of good will and a political middle-of-the-roader.

Mr. Truman ended that "era of good feeling" when he sent a message to Congress in September, 1945. It called for enactment of

OF NATION'S BUSINESS
Trends

a number of proposed New Deal reforms, which had been promised in the 1944 Democratic platform.

Many people were shocked and pained. They shouldn't have been. Mr. Truman, as a senator from Missouri, had shown by his voting record that he was a thoroughgoing New Dealer.

President Eisenhower has one advantage that Presidents Roosevelt and Truman lacked. He has the outright sympathy and support of many members of the rival party—Sen. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, for example.

What about the so-called Democratic "liberals" in Congress, those from the North and West? Well, to start with, there are not many of them now. They will certainly be heard from in time. They indulge in mild needling now, but they are in no hurry to go all out against the Eisenhower Administration. They appear to think that the best politics at the moment is no politics at all.

The Democratic National Committee is not sure about it, but it thinks there may be a potential issue for the future in the "Big Business" coloration of the new Administration. In its official organ, the *Democratic Digest*, the committee echoes the crack that the Administration contains "17 millionaires and a plumber"—Secretary of Labor Martin P. Durkin.

The *Digest* goes on to say:

"A counting of noses (shows) that never before in the history of the United States have so many men of great wealth been appointed to top positions of power in the federal Government.

"Not even in the days of Andrew Mellon and Herbert Hoover was the fate of the country placed so squarely and fully in the hands of corporation executives and captains of finance, to the exclusion of men more experienced in politics and the art of government."

Conceivably, the presence of so many businessmen in the Administration could provide the Democrats with ammunition. If there were a depression, it certainly would. However, there is no great fear of a depression in Washington right now. The Eisenhower Administration, like the Truman Administration, is prepared to use all the power and the resources of the federal Government to head off such a calamity.

Some of the Eisenhower people kicked themselves for not handling the case of Charles E. Wilson better than they did. They were upset by some of the things Mr. Wilson said when he was being questioned by the senators, and they felt that they should have prepared him better for the hearing.

However, Mr. Wilson said one thing which nobody cared to challenge. He was telling the sena-

tors about the "marvelous letters" he received from all over the country after General Eisenhower had tapped him for the top Pentagon job.

"I would like to tell you men," he said, "there is a change in the country. The people are not afraid of businessmen like me right now."

A good many Democrats would agree that there has been a decided change in the public's attitude toward business, and among them is Adlai E. Stevenson, the 1952 Democratic nominee for President.

It is a certainty that business and finance would be well represented in Washington now, even if the 1952 election had turned out differently.

In a speech that deserved a better play than it got, Adlai Stevenson told a crowd at Reading, Pa., on Oct. 30 that, if elected, he would do his best to end "the unnecessary war between some segments of Government and business."

He recalled that, as an attorney, he had worked for many businessmen and corporations, and said he never had to wrestle with his conscience in representing their reasonable viewpoints.

"If any of you think this is strange talk coming from a Democratic candidate," Mr. Stevenson continued, "let me say I can see no legitimate reason for hostility between business and the Democratic Party.

"We are for private, and profitable, business. Indeed, we don't see how America could survive with any other kind . . ."

Mr. Stevenson said that business had come a long way since the days of old-fashioned trusts and watered stocks.

"I think we must sweep out of the corridors of Government, at all levels, national and state, those lingering suspicions which are a holdover from an earlier and very different time."

President Eisenhower brought in so many business executives because he had pledged himself to strive for efficiency and economy in government. This is one of his two great goals, the other being to end the Korean war.

Efficiency will be easier to achieve than economy—at least, the degree of economy which the Administration is after.

If you say it fast, \$10,000,000,000 doesn't sound like much; but when you try to lop that much off the federal budget, it is quite a chore.

There is powerful sentiment in Congress—particularly in the House, all of whose members come up for re-election in 1954—to go ahead and vote a tax reduction before the budget can be balanced. This might confront the administration leaders at the Capitol with a test. President Eisenhower expects them to head off any attempt to cut taxes before the Government gets out of the red and into the black.



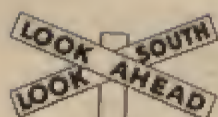
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MANY AN INDUSTRIALIST visiting or vacationing in the South has been so impressed by what he has seen that he has returned home, "packed" his factory and come back to stay!

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SOUTHERN
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WASHINGTON, D. C.

Harry A. DeBetta
President

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When your employees come to you about a CREDIT UNION



Here are facts you should know

WHAT IS A CREDIT UNION? Basically a credit union is a group of people who save together and use these savings to provide each other with loans when needed.

WHAT ARE THE BENEFITS TO EMPLOYEES? Credit unions teach thrift and provide a convenient, easy way to save. Last year credit union savings exceeded a billion dollars and paid 3% to 4%. Loan rates are low. There are insurance benefits, too.

WHAT ARE THE BENEFITS TO THE EMPLOYER? Credit union members solve their own money problems. Wage garnishments, pay advances and other management headaches are practically eliminated. Accidents and absenteeism markedly diminish as employees overcome financial worries. The credit union is entirely employee-operated with no obligation to the employer.

HOW MANY CREDIT UNIONS ARE THERE? Credit unions are over 100 years old. More than 15,000 of them are now serving over 6 million people. They have the wholehearted endorsement of government, labor, business and church.

HOW CAN A CREDIT UNION BE ESTABLISHED? Any group of 100 or more people having a common bond such as employment, or church or club membership can start a credit union. You can help start a credit union for your employees. Ask a representative to call. Clip the handy "memo" as a reminder. A credit union will help your business by helping your employees.

15,000 credit unions are now serving 6,000,000 people including employees of such companies as:

Williamson Candy Company • Willard Storage Battery Company • Motorola, Inc. • The World Publishing Company • Holeproof Hosiery Company • The Kroger Company • Westinghouse Electric Corporation • General Mills, Inc. • International Harvester Company • A. O. Smith Corporation

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MADISON, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.—HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA

PORT AUTHORITIES: good or bad



Neither a public agency nor a private corporation, a new form of organization has begun to attract attention. Its size and power both pose a question

By COLLIE SMALL

FOR SOME 30 years now, by a process of cell-splitting, a new form of business organization has been developing in the United States. Called an "authority," it has divided and divided again until there are now more than 150 authorities across the nation, running seaports, bridges, tunnels, airports, and Heaven knows what else. Neither public agencies nor private corporations, they are, for lack of a better definition, business freaks. However, they are powerful freaks, and none, of course, is more powerful than the biggest and oldest, the New York Port Authority.

Perhaps because the twentieth century is constantly spawning strange edifices, no one seems at all surprised to find this giant standing firmly astride the greatest transportation center in the world. Yet it is a peculiar thing that the 13,000,000 people living in the giant's shadow—like the millions living in the shadows of other authorities—should be so remarkably unaware of who or what it is. The "Port of New York Authority" is probably about as logical a name for it as can be found, but it is a cumbersome name, nonetheless, and it doesn't explain much.

What is worse, it never has. As long ago as 1926, the contretemps was clearly evident when Gov. Alfred E. Smith approached Howard S. Cullman, a

wealthy New York tobacco merchant, who is now chairman of the authority, to sound him out on his attitude toward becoming an official of the strange hybrid.

"I'd like you to join the board of commissioners of the Port of New York Authority," the governor said.

Mr. Cullman, a genuinely public-spirited man, agreed readily.

"Sure, Al," he said. Then he paused reflectively. "Incidentally, what is it?"

If Al Smith was able to give a definitive description of the New York Port Authority, one of his favorite projects, there is no record of it. To this day, in fact, the exact legal status of the Port Authority has not been determined. From a distance, it looks like a government agency; up close, it acts like a private corporation. Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes described it as "a public corporation," the Supreme Court of New Jersey defined it as a "direct state agency," and the Attorney General of New York held steadfastly to the opinion that it was not a state agency.

One thing, however, is certain. The influence of the New York Port Authority is enormous, particularly since almost nine per cent of the nation's population lives directly under its aegis, and in the final analysis the question of whether it is fish or

Heart of the New York Port Authority, a \$430,000,000 enterprise: Its scope takes in Washington, runs down to Rio, with stops in Chicago and Cleveland as well

fowl is actually less important than the eggs it hatches.

Broadly speaking, the New York Port Authority is a \$430,000,000 enterprise, which, in terms of capital investment, is comparable in size to the Chrysler Corporation or the United States Rubber Company. For purposes of further comparison, however, it has no real counterpart, even though it was the first of all such agencies in the United States to be labeled for one reason or another an "authority."

Modeled after the Port of London Authority, the Port of New York Authority in turn inspired a number of similar agencies, but the bloodline has always been a thin one. Where one authority takes its eyes from the New York parent, another will have its nose, or a third its chin. But there the resemblance usually ends.

From a long-range point of view, an authority of any kind is useful only because it has one unique quality: As a so-called public corporation, it can be run like a private business, and yet, unlike private capital, it will undertake projects where there is only a reasonable prospect of earning enough to pay operating expenses and debt services. In this connection, the New York Port Authority measures up admirably; with proper respect for its peculiar role in the economy, it has skimmed along for nearly 33 years without making what is ordinarily considered a profit, or, vice versa, without showing a deficit.

Created in 1921 by the states of New York and New Jersey in an unprecedented move toward bi-state cooperation, the New York Port Authority was conceived as a joint agency for reconciling and promoting the interests of the two states in the great harbor which lies between them. That is still the Port Authority's main reason for being. But in the meantime it has grown in scope and influence until it is now both a builder and a keeper, with power to buy, lease, construct, and operate any terminal facility within the metropolitan port district.

This is clearly a monumental chore for a single agency to perform. At the moment, the Port Authority mothers a fabulous brood, including the George Washington Bridge across the Hudson from Manhattan to New Jersey, three bridges linking Staten Island with New Jersey, the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels under the Hudson, Port Newark, a railroad freight terminal in Manhattan which it leases to eight trunk railroads, a bus terminal in Manhattan, two truck terminals in New York and Newark, a grain terminal in Brooklyn, and four airports—New York International (Idlewild), LaGuardia, Newark, and Teterboro, the last a relatively small airport in northern New Jersey which is used primarily for nonscheduled airlines.

Whether or not it is too powerful a family, as some critics contend, the fact remains that it is a complex and frequently bewildering family. Some of the Port Authority's charges are direct offspring and others have been taken over from neighbors who were either unable or unwilling to support them. The huge agency owns Teterboro Airport outright, for example.

(Continued on page 91)



PORT AUTHORITY BUILDING

NEWARK TRUCK TERMINAL



GOETHALS BRIDGE

PORT NEWARK



OUTERBRIDGE CROSSING



BAYONNE BRIDGE





NEWARK AIRPORT

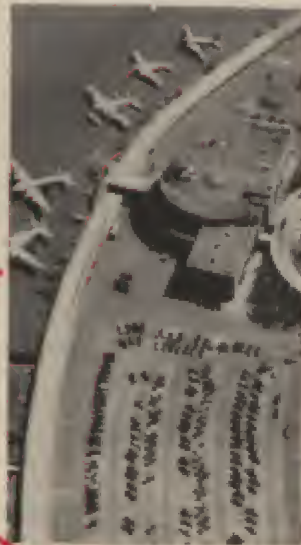
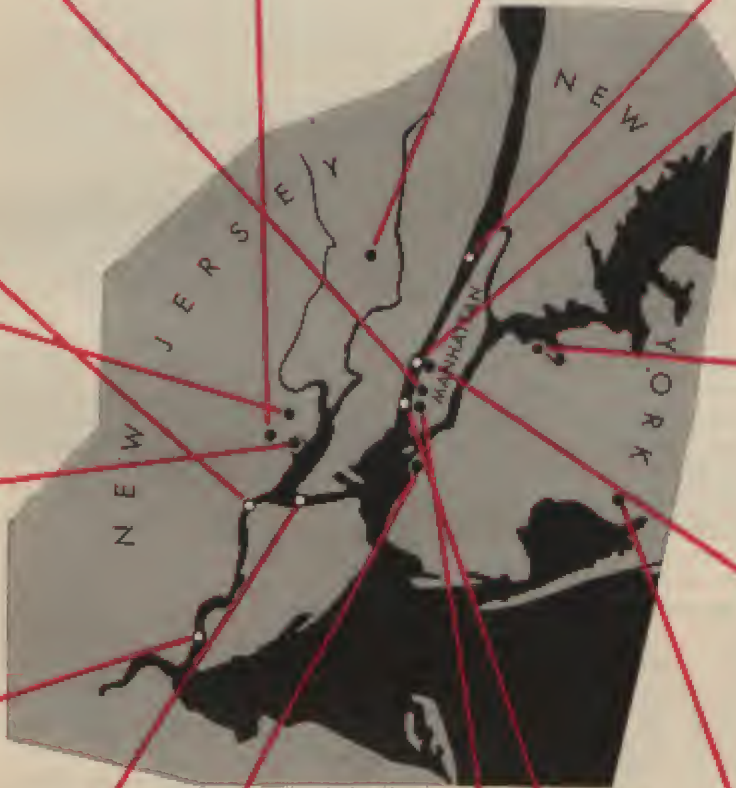
TETERBORO AIRPORT



GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE



LINCOLN TUNNEL



LAGUARDIA AIRPORT



NEW YORK TRUCK TERMINAL



N.Y. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT



PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL



PORT AUTHORITY GRAIN TERMINAL



HOLLAND TUNNEL

HE'LL HELP CUT YOUR TAXES

IF YOUR taxes are cut by Congress during the next two years—and it's a good bet they will be—say a silent word of thanks to a stiff-backed old congressman from Dunkirk, N. Y.

He's Daniel Alden Reed, a Republican from the upstate New York community. As chairman of the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee, the 77-year-old Mr. Reed will have a major voice in setting the size of the bite Uncle Sam takes out of your dollar. He says he's wholeheartedly in favor of tax reduction and is going to do "everything in my power to see that the people get tax relief."

As ranking Republican on the House Ways and Means Committee through the past four years of Democratic control, the ruddy, square-jawed Mr. Reed doggedly but unsuccessfully fought against three major tax increase bills. Now he means to reverse the trend. And he's in the driver's seat because all tax bills considered by Congress must start in his committee.

Barring another emergency like Korea, he confidently predicts "there will be substantial tax relief during this year and next." The likely ingredients of this relief: a refusal by Congress to extend the 30 per cent corporate excess profits tax past June 30; elimination in one or two steps of the 11 per cent individual income tax increase imposed in 1951; and some additional cuts in regular corporate tax rates and excise taxes. From the first day of this session of Congress, Mr. Reed has been stubbornly and insistently leading the fight for prompt action on tax reductions—occasionally in face of strong "go-slow" warnings from the leaders of his own party.

Mr. Reed says that "approximately one third of all the financial award received by our people for the work they do and for the productive use of their property now goes for paying federal, state and local taxes. This is the highest tax burden in our history and it is considerably higher than distinguished economists believe can be carried by a private enterprise economy."

High tax rates, Mr. Reed explains, are preventing industrial expansion. "In order to have an expanding economy," he declares, "you need \$18,000,000,000 a year of venture capital. The people must have some incentive to save and provide that capital. If industry can't get it from the people, it turns to the Government, and when Government invests, Government controls. Then you have Socialism."

The inflationary side also enters into Mr. Reed's reckoning. He declares that "high tax rates lead to higher prices, requests for higher pay and another turn in the inflationary spiral. Corporations have to borrow to finance expansion, and that increases their costs."

He has long advocated a lower tax rate and shorter holding period on capital gains. He has told the Treasury that this would accelerate business activity and investment to the point where total revenue would actually be higher.

It's his belief that so long as the Government has huge amounts of money coming in, it will find new ways to spend. "One way to get economy," he says, "is to cut revenue and force the Administration to live within its income."

Mr. Reed and his fellow Republicans will have the opportunity to do something about this. The increases passed by the Democrats in 1950 and 1951 are due to expire this year and next. Mr. Reed and his G.O.P. colleagues are likely to let them die on schedule or earlier.

The excess profits tax is the first levy due to expire—June 30. Most observers look for Congress to refuse to extend it. This is certainly Mr. Reed's idea.

He also proposes that on that date the Democrat-voted 11 per cent increase in individual income taxes go off the books. Under present law, this increase is due to run through the end of the year.

The 1951 increases in the corporate and excise tax rates come up for renewal by April, 1954.

While those steps will serve as a start, the committee also is expected to start hearings late this year or early next on a comprehen-

By **ALAN L. OTTEN** and
CHARLES B. SEIB

As chairman of the House

Ways and Means Commit-

tee, veteran Congressman

Daniel A. Reed predicts:

"There will be substantial

tax relief during this year

and the next"

sive overhauling of the internal revenue code aimed at taking much of the red tape and confusion out of paying taxes.

Mr. Reed undoubtedly will push, too, for a number of bills designed to help specialized groups of taxpayers. An example is the Reed-Keogh bill, co-sponsored by Mr. Reed and Democratic Rep. Eugene J. Keogh of New York. Supported by lawyers, architects, doctors, accountants and other professional men, the measure would give self-employed persons special tax incentives to set up their own retirement funds. Under the proposed measure members of any profession could get together, set up a pension fund and have tax deferments on earnings paid into it.

Mr. Reed's chairmanship of the House committee climaxes a 34-year congressional career. Now the senior Republican on Capitol Hill, he's still husky and erect with a stride as vigorous as it was when he was first elected back in 1918.

Over the years, Mr. Reed has fol-



EDWARD BURKE

lowed a path of old-fashioned, free enterprise economics, opposing much of the old Democratic Administration's activities.

He says that he "never thought much of the New Deal and Fair Deal and opposed almost all of it," and he's proud of that stand. Not long ago, a reporter surveyed House voting records over a long period of New Deal administration and discovered that Mr. Reed had voted against more bills than any other lawmaker. Running into him one day in the Capitol, the reporter told him of his research.

Mr. Reed, who until then had been looking rather glum, brightened immediately. "I did?" he asked. And, on being reassured, he walked off beaming.

His G.O.P. colleagues refer to him as "a sound economic thinker"; Democratic opponents frequently use the word "Neanderthal" to describe his views. But both groups agree that he is a competent legislator.

"Old Dan and I never vote very

much alike, but we're the best of friends," says young Rep. Hale Boggs, a Louisiana Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee. "He's a truly splendid American."

Vance Kirby, who, as tax legislative counsel of the Treasury Department, worked with the committee during the Truman Administration, calls Mr. Reed "one of the nicest gentlemen I ever met." He adds:

"He was always extremely polite and friendly to me and everyone in my office, even though we thought miles apart on practically every question."

Occasionally at committee hearings, however, Mr. Reed abandons his customary calm and courteous manner and works himself up to red-faced, almost apoplectic sputtering. He can be doggedly stubborn when he thinks stubbornness might help him win a point.

One thing almost certain to cause an eruption is a suggestion that farm cooperatives should receive tougher tax treatment. His

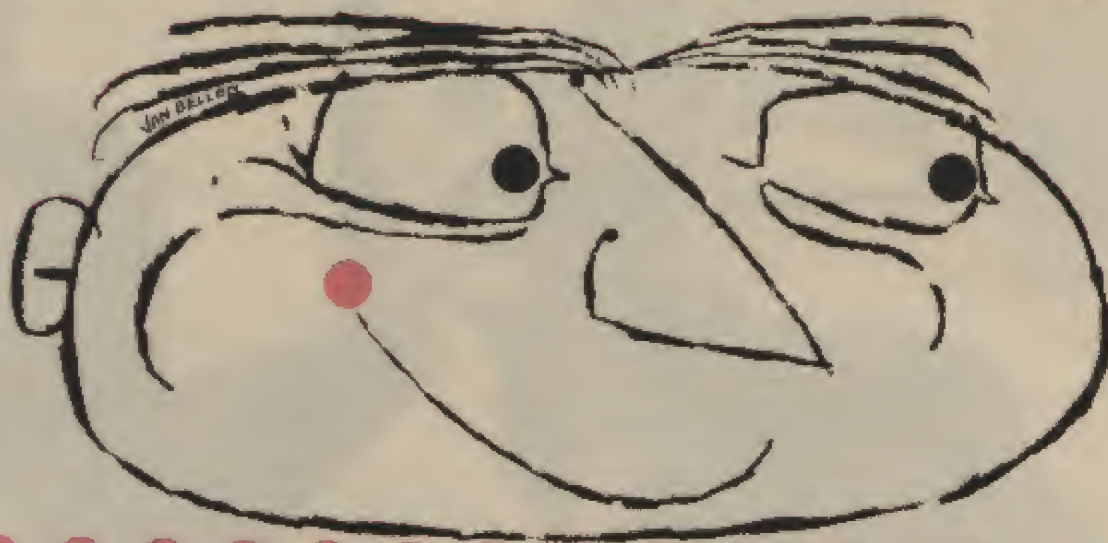
district is filled with dairy and vineyard co-ops, and he views co-operatives as the salvation of American agriculture. During hearings on the 1951 tax bill, he used such epithets as "gangsters," "racketeers," and "throat-cutters" to describe those who were lobbying to tax the co-ops.

Thanks to his opposition, the bill that finally passed the House left co-ops untaxed. The Senate, however, passed a version which taxed them, and the two bills then went to a House-Senate conference for compromising.

"When everyone else on the conference committee was willing to split the difference between the two bills, Dan held out," one member of the conference recalls. "Eventually he won. There was a co-op provision in the final bill, but it was so watered down as to be practically meaningless."

Mr. Reed is not above playing politics, either. He was fond of Rep. Robert L. Doughton of North

(Continued on page 60)



GOVERNMENT BY DEFAULT

IN CITY and state government, the same rule holds as anywhere else: You get what you pay for. No more, no less.

Just recall the purpose of the Stevenson fund bared last fall. As governor of Illinois, the Democratic presidential nominee had appealed to wealthy citizens for a private kitty. He wanted the money to pass around as bonuses and gifts to bolster the low salaries for key state posts. In this way, Adlai Stevenson hoped to woo to public life topflight executives who ordinarily spurned government offers because of the financial punishment such jobs inflicted.

Although wary of this solution, few states or cities escape the dilemma. It is thrust upon them by the weighty chunk of tax revenue the federal Government monopolizes. As poor relations of a rich Uncle Sam, both states and municipalities have difficulty competing with either Washington or private enterprise for the best administrative talent in the market places. Consequently, the local units of government stumble along as well as they can under the most competent direction that their available resources can buy.

To see how this bears on everyday practice, let's take a look at the experience of Omaha, a city of 247,000. With slight variations and notable exceptions, the problems of this prairie metropolis are common to most of the nation's 17,000 cities, villages and towns, as well as the 48 states.

In the 1920's Omaha replaced the mayor-council form of government with the more compact commission system. Under this change, seven department heads—a mayor and six commissioners—all directly responsible to the voters took over both the making of the laws and the management of the city. Then to block bossism from muscling in on this modernized setup, the citizens put all other municipal employees under civil service a dozen years ago.

Job seekers were hired on the basis of how well they tackled competitive exams. And promotions

were earned by a steady record of good achievement.

Yet the aim to give the city top-notch government fell short in one crucial respect. Omaha lacked the money to bid for the kind of expert leadership required at the policy and decision-making levels. The town didn't have to wait long to discover the difficulties of recruiting the right type of men for these vital jobs, elective or appointed.

When a group of citizens urged a successful merchant to leave his regular business and run for the commission, they were politely rebuffed. Actually, nobody felt this response was unpatriotic. Knowing the \$5,000 limit on the mayor's salary and the \$4,500 ceiling for the commissioners, they could easily understand the reply: "I can't afford to take one of those jobs if they were the last on earth."

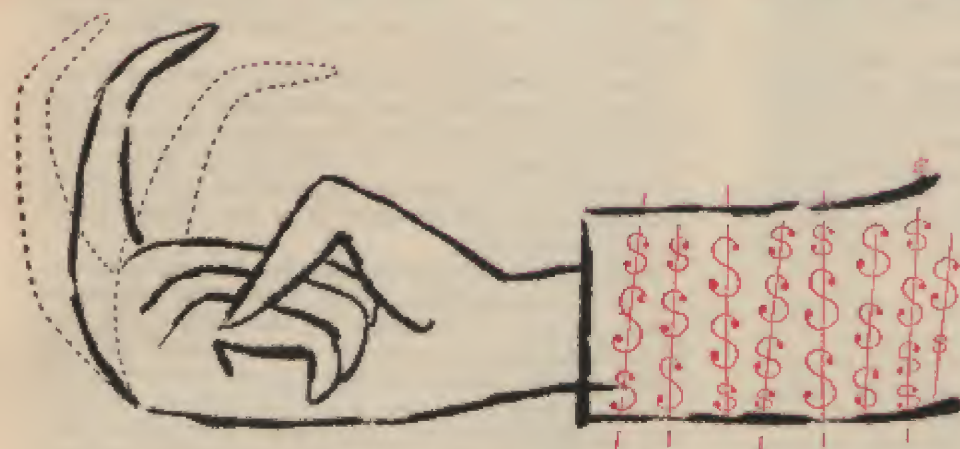
To complicate things, several secondary posts pay substantially more than the seven men at the head of the municipal government receive. The director of the library and the superintendent of parks and recreation, to cite two, each get \$9,000 a year.

Omaha's present mayor has taken on the job because he happens to be young with his earning power still largely ahead of him. Now in his second term, his \$5,000 is rounded out by a little side income from an interest he retains in an insurance business. He is Glenn Cunningham, a 40-year-old freckled redhead who is often mistaken for his friend, the famed Olympic track star of the same name.

"The difference between us," said Mayor Cunningham with a smile, "is that Glenn runs with his legs while I have to run with everything I can muster."

Recently, the pressures of running have swelled in number for Mayor Cunningham. As if the task of persuading qualified executives to share the burden of manning the city's principal offices were not enough, he is now also faced with the chore of finding any candidates willing to accept the run-of-the-mine jobs.

With the cost of living rising daily, the mayor



Many state and local jobs go begging as qualified personnel looks to other fields. Low pay and uncertain working conditions are among causes

By **ARTHUR W. HEPNER**

pointed out, not many families like to take the comparatively poorer pay scales around City Hall. The range of a director of public welfare, for instance, reaches a maximum of \$350 a month; top pay for an auditor hits \$400; for a civil engineer, \$450; and for a chief purchasing agent who buys millions of dollars worth of supplies, \$500.

Most individuals bent on a career of government service are likely to gravitate toward the federal jobs where the salaries as a rule are appreciably higher. To illustrate Omaha's plight, Mayor Cunningham explained that five years ago thousands of applications were always on file for openings on the police force. Now, whenever the force needs a replacement, the city has to advertise for help in the local newspapers.

From coast to coast, Omaha's struggles are duplicated. For the capacity of any city or state to tap its ablest citizens for "white collar" government assignments—whether managerial, professional, technical or clerical—moves in ratio with ability to pay. And while this varies widely from place to place, one ugly element makes its appearance nearly everywhere. This is the fact that public pay scales for office work are frozen most of the time at levels below those of private employers of the area.

A series of recent annual surveys by the Civil Service Assembly of the United States and Canada indicates the actual range of disparity in pay for the same kind of work in various cities and states. In the latest of these reports, which covered 96 units of government, the organization has also emphasized how local scales consistently drag behind those of the federal Government.

Choosing 65 jobs found in most branches of government, the Assembly has attempted to present an accurate cross section of the salary picture of employes in the public field. These are a few of the typical things it found:

The highest pay for a public health nurse in Akron, Ohio, was \$247 a month. If the same woman

went to work for the state of Wisconsin, she'd start at \$266 and eventually make \$311. Down in Alabama, she couldn't latch onto a similar job because the state doesn't offer its people the services of a public health nurse. But on the payroll of Uncle Sam, she could earn up to \$338.

Then there were the multiple choices before a young accountant. The city of Portland, Ore., dangled a top salary of \$354 a month. Back on the Kansas plains, he could only get \$324 as a state employe. In Dallas, he could look forward to even less—\$320. Yet by landing a spot with the federal Government, he could push his way into the \$484 bracket.

From clerk to attorney general; from typist to comptroller or auditor, the prospects differed from city to city, state to state, and city to state. A clerk who earned \$172 in Norfolk, Va., and \$191 in Minnesota could get \$253 on the same job in Milwaukee. New York State's attorney general was known to receive \$20,000 a year, while his counterparts in California and Illinois commanded only \$19,000 and \$9,000 respectively. And until three years ago, no employe on the state payroll in Kentucky other than the governor could receive more than \$5,000 a year.

Small wonder that 80 per cent of college students polled on careers not long ago turned thumbs down on taking places beside the 4,000,000 persons presently employed by the municipalities and states, and the 2,500,000 on the federal payroll. On the other hand, a substantial number of elementary and high school pupils quizzed at the same time said they favored a fling at government work, as they did not intend to go ahead with further education.

In many cases, the problem of drawing trained men and women into public service goes beyond the matter of compensation. Much resistance to government jobs arises from uncertain working conditions. The exceptions to this are the so-called "blue-collar" workers. They find the hourly terms pretty much alike whether the boss happens to be

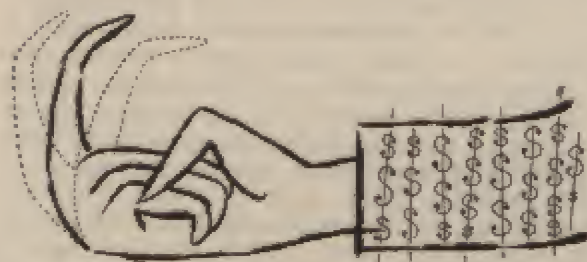
the city, the state, or a private employer. But the white-collar group is often discouraged by the arbitrariness of government employment in many places.

Less than half the states—and fewer cities—have adopted systematic policies for hiring, advancing and paying their employees. This means that many government servants rely for survival on the mercy of department heads or the whims of other officials. Here the chances for tenure are slim. For where this is so, the large-scale turnover after each switch in administration is not only commonplace, it is practically an axiom.

The net result, according to J. J. Donovan, associate director of the Civil Service Assembly, is to provide little motivation for good personnel to want these jobs. People of the caliber needed for better government practice withdraw because nothing is to be gained by working efficiently and trying for advancement, Mr. Donovan said. Any job security they may obtain has to be purchased with pledges of loyalty to a political clique, backed up by political activity and a readiness to be nipped at regular intervals by the party bite. Rank is no advantage: From sweeper at the courthouse to chief executive, the single code applies.

Under such circumstances, anything goes. One midwestern community of 4,000 recently discharged its city manager on the insistence of a city councilman for attending to business too faithfully. After his predecessors had neglected to withhold tax sums regularly from the paychecks of municipal employees, the manager set up a systematic payroll program which included provisions for deductions. But the city librarian was the wife of a councilman. She had never had money withheld from her pay and she refused to suffer the indignity. By complaining to her husband, she initiated the protest which led to the manager's dismissal.

In another midwest city of 38,000, the manager similarly fell victim to his own efforts at revamping local affairs in the interest of better performance. His crime had been to centralize several overlapping



departments and sharpen the lines of authority. As these measures tread on the toes of vested political interests, the councilmen promptly demanded his resignation.

From the employee's view these incidents can only demoralize. Addressing a meeting of public officials, Kenneth O. Warner, head of the Civil Service Assembly, reported that the average government worker desires two things above all on the job: security and humane consideration. As the employees themselves put it, Mr. Warner related, they want to know where they stand; they look for fair treatment, a chance to strut their stuff and the appreciation of their bosses for a job well done.

Civil service may or may not provide the answer. Its proponents argue that the merit system raises the challenge to public workers to make lifetime

careers out of their trade. But others point with as much persuasiveness to the dangers involved. Many times civil service status protects the hacks and the goldbricks. Too much security thus becomes as destructive as too little.

What is wanted, say those who have studied the problem, is a middle course with security and reasonably fair pay assured to employees ready to give a fair day's work for it. In other words, what local government could use to get better output from its manpower are timely tips from the notebooks of private enterprise.

More and more city and state leaders are awakening to this realization. They know the futility of trying to load more taxes on the public. At this point, the average taxpayer would gladly give up some valuable service before digging down into his income to support it. So, while not able to hold out much hope for financial rewards as great as in federal service or private industry, top public officials are striving to make careers in local government more attractive by improving the rules.

Under the prodding of Gov. Thomas E. Dewey and Lt. Gov. Frank C. Moore, New York State has applied business methods to sparking the interest of state employees in better performance. The come-on is cash. For prizes passed out for useful suggestions, many employees have spent their own time perfecting ideas and procedures that lower operating costs and expand the use of the available tax dollars.

When Adlai Stevenson was governor, he put across a statewide employee training program in Illinois.

Out in California, the Warren administration has been at it, too. The state's personnel agency has embarked on a pep-talk campaign to bring bright young men and women fresh out of the colleges and universities into government circles. The sales line stresses government service as a worth-while occupation. On the weakness of its money arguments, the agency wisely ducks the issue of economic prospects. Instead, it appeals to pride, gilding the opportunities open to young people to advance the techniques of government mechanics.

Little things also help. Dallas has opened a clinic for drivers of city-owned autos and trucks. Not only has this cut down the accident rate among city vehicles. It has established confidence among municipal employees and residents of the city that local officials are on the lookout for any practical idea to strengthen the quality of municipal activity.

One new morale-building wrinkle authorized by the Los Angeles city council gives municipal employees two coffee breaks a day. Without a docking of pay or loss of time on the job, workers around City Hall may check out for 15-minute periods once before lunch and again after.

It's been a long haul from the dark ages, but these instances all show that many government leaders have modern ideas. At Chicago's "1313," a center for government research, several experts believe that the situation will continue to progress as more individuals begin to discover that the personal satisfaction of making a social contribution is just as stimulating as running up an account with the tax collector. The public official responsible for supervising an important million-dollar development program may be regarded as underpaid by private standards at \$8,500 a year. But his role in the community may very well prove more significant than his \$25,000 counterpart in business, the professions or industry.

This is more likely to (Continued on page 73)

*Dramatic and approaching
the miraculous are the results
that Wichita's world-
famed Institute of
Logopedics has achieved in
making possible*



SPEECH FOR THE SILENT

THE ten-year-old girl laboriously repeated "ball" after the teacher, then hesitantly underlined the word in a list on the blackboard. Three other children in the class followed the teacher's lead and clapped as enthusiastically as if the little girl had just given a lucid explanation of the quantum theory.

The applause was well deserved. The performance on the normal first-grade level represented infinitely more mental discipline and effort than the intellectual gymnastics of a Quiz Kid. The children in the group at the Institute of Logopedics in Wichita, Kans., were victims of aphasia, the inability to comprehend speech due to a brain injury at birth or serious illness during infancy.

Anyone who takes fluent speech for granted first appreciates what a priceless gift it is after visiting the Institute. Logopedics is the science of correcting speech and hearing disorders and the clinic

affiliated for professional training with the University of Wichita has gained world-wide recognition for its research and remedial methods in the gravest impediments. Dr. Martin F. Palmer and his staff actually create speech in children and adults who are handicapped by cerebral palsy, cleft palates, aphasia, deafness, articulatory defects and voice quality deviations. Their principal attention is focused on patients who, without their help, would face a lifetime of muteness or, at best, hopelessly garbled speech.

"We start on the birth-cry level with the more serious cases," says Dr. Palmer.

The mere mechanics of speech is an intricate process involving the perfect coordination of some 200 muscles based on the chewing, sucking and swallowing reflexes with which all normal babies are born. The development of these reflexes starts at birth and most children are speaking naturally and

By **STANLEY FRANK**



ROLAND PATTERSON—BLACK STAR

easily at three and a half years by imitating the sounds they hear. But strange and terrible things can happen to change the normal pattern of events.

Injury to a brain center that controls speech, an organic defect or a psychological disturbance can make a victim inarticulate or cause complications that reduce his speech to gibberish. In such cases the problem is not speech correction but proper sound production. A totally deaf child, for example, must be taught the concept of speech before he can reproduce sounds he never has heard.

An illness in infancy accompanied by a high fever, which doesn't appear to have the remotest relation to speech, can lead to numerous communication disorders.

"About 7,000,000 people in the United States have speech or hearing difficulties," Dr. Palmer says. "More than 3,000,000 of them are in serious need of professional help to overcome the agonizing frustrations and embarrassment that stem from inability to convey thoughts and emotions by language, the most common medium of expression. There is appalling economic waste, too, in failing to utilize the talents of these people who possess, in the overwhelming majority, normal or superior intelligence. The average earning capacity of stutterers is reduced 35 per

cent by their impediment. People with speech disorders constitute the country's largest handicapped group, but they are the most neglected in getting sympathy and financial help."

There never has been enough money to combat diseases and afflictions, but speech specialists are justified in complaining about lack of support. The blind and the deaf need all the help they get, but state funds and private contributions in those areas of communicative difficulties are lavish compared to the money available for speech correction. Worse yet, the public's attitude ranges from indifference to cruel mockery. A comedian laying an egg always can get a laugh by lampooning a speech impediment.

In this enlightened age, victims of speech disorders are not much better off than they were 3,000 years ago. Lip reading and sign language were devised to assist the deaf nearly five centuries ago after a monk taught the deaf-mute son of a Spanish nobleman to read and write, and several schools for the deaf were operating in London in the early 1700's.

Louis Braille invented his system for teaching reading to the blind in 1829, but scientific study of speech handicaps is of such recent origin that many of the leading pioneers still are alive. Although sketchy study had been

made of stuttering and articulatory defects, doctors for centuries often took refuge in the old Greek maxim, "no speech, no mind," when confronted by a deep-seated problem stemming from cerebral palsy, aphasia or cleft palate. It is not pleasant to contemplate the countless unfortunates who were—and still are—doomed to silent misery in mental institutions and attics because they could give no overt indication of their sanity.

Some case histories on file at the Institute of Logopedics read like horror stories out of the dark ages. A baby born with cerebral palsy, the daughter of a professor at an eastern college, was sent to live with relatives on a farm in Georgia. The father, supposedly an intelligent man, permitted his daughter to exist like a vegetable until she was found 35 years later by a social service worker. Although the woman could utter only four vowel sounds when she was brought to the Institute two years ago, she now can read, write and speak in sentences. She thinks on a mature level.

Fate ganged up on a pathetic, four-year-old girl, a spastic whose parents are in a tuberculosis sanatorium. The only break the child ever had was that she happened to be born in Wichita, bringing her to the attention of Dr. Palmer, who had her accepted for resident treatment in the Institute as a



*Hearing a nursery rhyme or the sound of a human voice
for the first time is a triumphant moment for a child.
Intense concentration becomes a smile of achievement*

state ward. In another time—or place—the child might have been sent to an institution for the feeble-minded, still the ultimate destination of a shocking number of people whose speech is impaired.

That the situation is different in Kansas is strictly a personal triumph for Dr. Palmer, a big-boned, balding Michigander, who has been filled with ideas for promoting speech correction for the past quarter century. After graduating from Olivet College in Olivet, Mich., in 1927, Dr. Palmer taught public speaking in the Port Huron High School and the following summer took postgraduate work at the University of Michigan.

A course with Prof. John H. Muyskens changed his entire career.

"Speech teachers were getting nowhere fast with the theory that disorders were mainly psychological in origin," Dr. Palmer says. "Professor Muyskens held that the trouble was physiological, due to organic defects or malfunctions. He studied the mechanics of speech production, getting down to bed-rock cause and effect. Most of his ideas are accepted today."

Dr. Palmer, after surveying the country, chose Kansas as a likely spot for the practical application of the professor's approach because little corrective work was being done in the Great Plains area. He

was head of the speech department at Kansas Wesleyan, then Marymount College, but money and facilities were not available for the ambitious project he was determined to launch. He proposed to set up a professional school where, in logical sequence, he could treat disorders, train teachers and conduct research in the field. This was in the depression and money was not abundant for new ideas.

In 1934, Dr. Palmer enlisted the support of Dr. William M. Jardine, president of the University of Wichita, who was Secretary of Agriculture in the Coolidge Administration. Dr. Jardine gave the project one large room which was equipped as a laboratory with a gift of \$2,000 from Mrs. E. M. Brown of Salina, Kans. That was all, but Dr. Palmer parlayed the knotted shoestring into a fabulous operation.

The day the combination clinic-classroom-lab opened, a grand total of 65 cents was in the till. Two teachers, Virginia Throckmorton and Jane Brosius, canvassed local businessmen for contributions, basing their appeal on pictures of handicapped children. They got enough five- and ten-dollar bills to meet running expenses.

That's how it went until 1937 when the Kansas legislature took Dr. Palmer off the hook slightly with an annual appropriation of \$6,000. The one room was on the top floor of a building without an

elevator and for six years Dr. Palmer, his staff and volunteer students carried helpless spastic children up and down three flights of stairs. That back-breaking effort was relieved when Mrs. Patty Hyde Barclay and George Hyde, heirs of A. A. Hyde, a Wichita drug manufacturer, donated \$10,000 to move the Log Lab to the ground floor.

Although it was then doubtful whether the project would survive a constant round of financial crises, Dr. Palmer set aside a portion of the contributions he solicited from businessmen and corporations for a dream that seemed as remote as the stars. He wanted to build a plant devoted entirely to logopedics with housing accommodations for children who required long, intensive treatment.

In September, 1949, Dr. Palmer reached the stars. The world's most complete speech center, 41 buildings on a tract of 40 acres, was opened under an FHA loan on a mortgage of \$1,399,000. Community pride alone made it possible to build the handsome installation at that price. Some 200 local subcontractors and suppliers provided the labor and materials at cost, plus a five per cent handling charge.

Today the Institute has an annual budget of about \$600,000. In addition to the Wichita plant, there are 20 field centers—16 in Kansas and the others at White Plains, N. Y., Bedford Hills, N. Y., Chestnut Hill, Pa., and Cockeysville, Md. In 1952, the staff of 135 treated 1,521 cases—20 per cent of them adults—from 44 states and seven foreign countries.

(Continued on page 80)



SHOOTING A LINE aboard is the first step facing a crew

TOWING HOME

They had to move a shipyard full of heavy machinery to a cliff top, and quickly, if they were to save the Kenkoku Maru. Here is how they did it **By JOHN WESLEY NOBLE**

AT 2:30 a.m. on a rainy Saturday morning, April 28, 1951, the 426-foot, turbo-driven freighter *Kenkoku Maru*, inbound from the Orient, overshot the entrance to the Golden Gate and piled up on a lee shore 30 miles north of San Francisco.

Capt. Shigeo Fujime managed to get off an SOS and a message for a salvage boat before the power failed. His 13 officers and 54 crewmen were reasonably safe, but the helpless hull was being battered on the rocks.

For a merchant mariner there is no moment more agonizing. Merchant ships are built at great cost and when a ship goes on the rocks the swiftest action is needed to protect the owners, stockholders and underwriters. Here is where the sea salvage people play the dominant role.

Theirs is a peculiar industry. It must maintain tools and facilities for any sea-going job, yet lie dormant until a moment of disaster.

Underwriters, who would seem to be most concerned with this state of affairs, have a simple defense. It is the maxim of the salvagers, or salvors as they are known: "Whenever you have a ship ashore you can kiss a million bucks good-by."

Shipping underwriters don't have any more kissable millions than the next fellow. They say they can't set up salvage stations like neighborhood firehouses along coast lines.

Had Captain Fujime known this at the moment of his shipwreck, he might have committed hara-kiri then, as indeed, later, he did. His ship was high on the rocks. Riding in ballast, she had gone up broadside, her bow pierced by a pinnacle.

The captain's hope was that his American agents

could persuade some waterfront operator to assemble a salvage team in a hurry. Without cargo, the 11,087-ton ship, though insured for \$1,500,000, offered little to dangle as a salvage prize.

Yet 25 days later, after an outlay of more than \$250,000, the battered *Kenkoku Maru* was refloated. Later, for another \$760,000, she was repaired and sent home to Japan.

Ships have been running ashore with perplexing frequency since the days of the first seafaring Phoenicians. Somewhere on the coasts or inland waters of the United States a vessel runs aground nearly every day. Yet no one ever has been able to put the salvage business on a long-range profitable basis.

A vessel must be abandoned where she lies, with tremendous loss, or rescued at once. Salving is the operation of getting her off. To warrant the effort, there must be a reward for the salvor's know-how; a return on his investment in tools, gear and equipment.

The huge *Normandie*, or *Lafayette*, for instance, burned and sank at her pier in New York harbor. She was righted and refloated, but this was an engineering job to clear the harbor. The cost was perhaps 40 times the ship's value. She eventually was cut up for scrap.

The battleship *Missouri* likewise was dragged off mudflats in a series of maneuvers the newspapers called salvage. But the Big Mo was salvaged by the Navy with huge expenditures of money, manpower and equipment.

The famed *Flying Enterprise*, on which Capt. Kurt Carlsen became a worldwide celebrity, was not

\$1,000,000



INTERNATIONAL

THE MERCHANT MARINER *suffers no moment that is more agonizing than when his vessel piles up, as this Japanese ship did near San Francisco*

pure salvage but a towing job. A finer example from the salvors' standpoint would be the British ship *Leicester*, which in 1948 was taken in tow off Nova Scotia and dragged 850 miles to repair yards in Bermuda. In that case men were granted a substantial salvage award for their efforts, the single inducement for a salvor.

Traditionally the salvage contract has been grimly titled "No cure—no pay." The purse has been established through Lloyd's of London after consideration of all factors involved—value of the ship, her cargo, cumulative value of the vessels and gear used to save her, plus a reasonable award for the salvors.

Today, American salvors generally decline to take no-cure contracts. They prefer reasonable expenses and a guaranteed fee for success.

On the East Coast the chances of a cure may sometimes be fair. More ships go ashore there and more are saved. The Atlantic Coast is a long, shelving slope, and nine of ten salvage jobs require the same gear and techniques. But a major salvage company, Merritt-Chapman & Scott, still must support its costly plant by nonsalvage pursuits.

On the West Coast, where maritime commerce is also a tremendous investment, the picture is different. The Pacific, dropping abruptly off rocky cliffs, is a graveyard of ships.

When the Isthmian Lines' *Steel Chemist*, a \$2,500,000 ship with a \$1,000,000 cargo, went up on San Nicholas Island in 1948, men managed to get the ship off in five days. But it was more than a year before there was a profit.

Long tie-ups of capital, matched by increasingly

CAPT. SHIGEO FUJIME *experienced the anguish of running ashore, but he had no idea of the high cost of preparing the freighter to sail again*



ART TRIBON—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

complex ships and soaring costs, have tended to make offshore salvage a hard business. Too often today, the wise salvage master after calculating his chances will decide to leave the ship on the rocks.

A century ago the *Kenkoku Maru* would have been a sailing ship, and could have salvaged herself with her own crew and materials she carried aboard. Being wooden, she would have stranded high and dry after the tides subsided and ship's carpenters could have repaired the hull.

The simple objective of salvage is to drag a ship back to deep water and restore her floatability. Small boats could have carried spare anchors a few hundred yards to sea and planted them for a pull. The *Kenkoku Maru* would have had ample manila line, being a sailing vessel. If she was heavy, cargo could have been jettisoned or put ashore.

Once she was rigged, all hands could have given a big heave on the lines. Eventually they would have dragged her out to her anchors and deep water.

That was what had to be done with the real *Kenkoku Maru*. Only she was 10,000 tons heavier and carried none of her own rescue gear. A shipyard full of materials was needed on that cliff top 80 miles from San Francisco.

The salvage master must know how to operate the vessel and the tugs that will pull her. He must know properties of gases, particularly compressed air, the laws of mechanics, deep-sea diving, buoyancy and trim, and even be a geologist of sorts, familiar with any soil or rock on which a ship may strand. He must also know about weather, labor laws, the skills of the men he employs.

The *Kenkoku Maru* was a problem that demanded all of the best. On Friday, the sixth day after her grounding, she at last was ready for the first heave-ho. A tug had put a line on her and stood by.

The agents had laid the problem in the lap of the H. T. Haviside Company of San Francisco, ship chandlers and heavy hoisters. Mr. Haviside, faced with his first major salvage job in 17 years, called on Charles N. Rice, president of the Smith-Rice Company, a derrick barge experienced in salvage.

Mr. Rice had been a partner in the successful salvaging of the *Steel Chemist*. He had supervised rigging when American-Hawaiian's *Ohioan* wrecked at the Golden Gate in 1936.

Mr. Rice took general charge with George Mitchell, his operating engineer, as salvage master. Red Stack Tow Boat Company came in as third partner, and G. W. Thomas Drayage and Rigging was brought in for shoreside transportation and hoisting.

From Smith-Rice's stores came massive sea gear, spring buoys and other equipment. By noon of the first day towboats and a derrick barge were on the way to the scene, and a caravan of heavy trucks threaded its way up the coastal highway to the wreck, 118 miles by road.

When it became apparent that the costs would be far beyond the justifiable chances of recovery, the agents demanded a no cure-no pay arrangement. Unless the ship could be pulled free within a few days to take advantage of favorable tides, the operation faced abandonment. The agents agreed to finance a trial pull. If it failed, the salvors agreed they would continue the work on a type of no cure-no pay contract calling for a set fee if successful.

The ship stood oddly erect, close in to the 60-foot cliffs. High tide flung mast-high showers of spray over her, but at low tide less than three feet of water

puddled around her keel. Fifty yards beyond, the breakers pounded on exposed rocks.

White buoys bobbed 600 yards offshore, marking eight-ton anchors planted in the rocks, each connected by 600 feet of cable and 90 feet of massive chain. These were the handholds. The *Kenkoku Maru*, like an octopus, would pull to them from her own winches, on 600-yard tendons of steel cable. The tug would pull, too, but cautiously for fear of fouling its propellers. It had to provide towing-home power for the ship if she floated.

By now the craft had air-tight bulkheads inside her torn hull. She could be given a great bubble of compressed air to float on. The plan was to drag her backward approximately her own length first.

All lines would take up the strain at high tide, when water would be around the hull. If it worked, the hull would lift with each surge of the sea and inch outward toward the anchors. As the sea subsided, the anchors would hold the ground gained by the vessel.

Mr. Mitchell led his gang out over the high-line after dinner.

At his orders two whistles rasped on the night air. Derrick barge and tug echoed two whistles. The first pull was on.

Steam hissed from winches on the *Kenkoku Maru*. Surging swells lifted her stern, gave her a little of the "life" the salvors hoped for. However, one line parted and brought work to a halt.

The ship was wedged tight.

Now it became a no cure-no pay proposition. Mr. Mitchell ordered pulls the next night and Sunday, but a low tide cycle had started and the efforts proved futile.

In the ten-day lull, brought about by unfavorable tides, men worked to re-rig lines, build up the double-bottom to hold more air. The ship's heavy anchors, chains and rudder were jettisoned, to be recovered later.

On the night of May 17, a Thursday, a trial pull was staged. Bets were offered by spectators that the ship would never float again. Mr. Mitchell brought aboard Capt. A. H. Keane, an experienced merchant master, to direct the *Kenkoku Maru* should she break free.

Another trial that became a real pull was held Saturday night. Aground for three weeks, the ship suddenly grated backward 50 feet. Her stern swung around to the sea. The next night she gave a great lurch that seemed to free her, but she crashed onto a hidden rock.

That night water was let back into the hull to sink her where she was and prevent further wave damage.

On Tuesday a new plan was advanced—turn the ship and take her out bow first. That night the water ballast was pumped out. The sea was calm and high tide brought offshore swells surging under her.

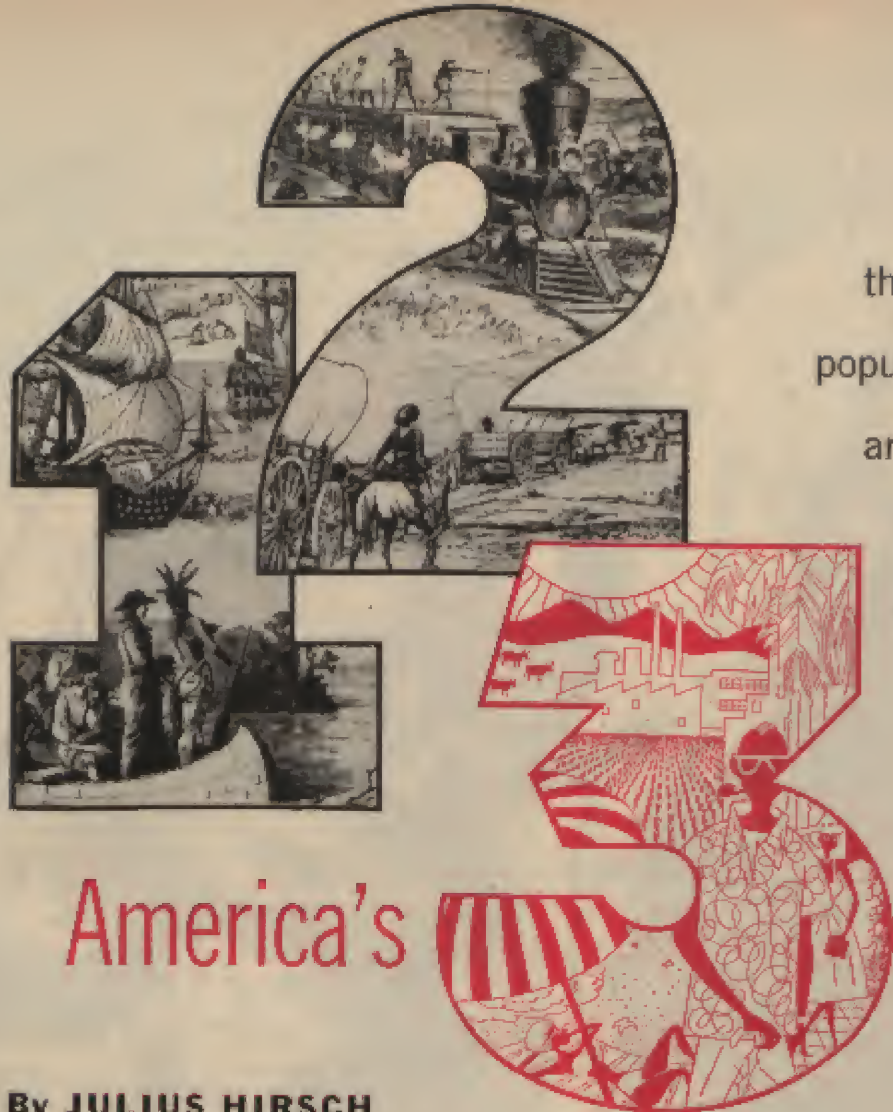
The derrick barge crew reported it had brought home 60 feet of cable—the *Kenkoku Maru* was working free.

The derrick barge reeled in the floating ship. A tug came up to help out.

The job was over almost as fast as that—except for drydocking, the myriad bills to settle, men to pay off, gear to be retrieved, and accounting of the fees.

More than \$1,000,000 would be gone, however, before the *Kenkoku Maru* got back to earning her keep. And her crestfallen captain would go home and take his own life.

END



America's 3rd migration

By JULIUS HIRSCH

First the rivers, then
the railroads shaped our
population pattern. Now we
are stirring again toward
new markets, customs
and materials sources

AMERICA is now in the midst of her Third Trek, a mass movement that is changing the face of our land as much as the Industrial Revolution, and much more rapidly. The term Third Trek is given to it because it follows our two other big migrations, although it differs from both:

The *First Trek* in America was along the coasts, the rivers and the Indian paths. These were the routes of the colonists and the first settlers.

The *Second Trek* followed the iron horse along its iron road. This was the strong but confined trek along the railways that opened vast regions to development.

The *Third Trek* is something different. It is not attached to rivers or airlines or railroads or highways—although it utilizes all of these. It is a movement toward the sun, toward the South and the Southwest and the West.

It is a movement of old people who want to live longer and young people who want to live better. It is a movement of agriculture toward more diversified land use and

longer growing seasons; a movement of commerce and of industry, both heavy and light.

I have isolated the trek as a social force by adding the sum of its separate elements; because together these elements form the newest and strongest dynamic trend in our society. And, later, I have assessed the strength of the third trek by assessing some of its impacts.

An example: President Eisenhower's sweeping victory may partly be a political effect of the third trek. The fact that he was able to crack the Democratic "solid" South is evidence that the shift of population, the new industrialization and commercialization of the traditionally "poor" South already has changed the most basic political alignments of the land.

But the President's victory is just one effect of the third trek. Here is the story of the trek itself.

The first perceptible evidence of it was the Florida real estate boom of the 1920's. The immediate cause of this was the constantly increasing number of older people.

In 1900 there were only 3,600,000 people older than 60 in the United States, most of them living in the towns where they were born. By 1950 we had 17,400,000 of the 60-year oldsters, many of them mobile and with enough money for retirement, a good portion with pensions. By 1975 we will have at least 29,000,000 Americans more than 60, and more will have pension incomes.

Now, add to this the fact that 60 is no longer old, but merely middle-aged; and that a man of 60 has an expectation of many years of healthy, active life. At the same time, his body is not so resilient, reacts badly to sudden violent fluctuations of temperature and pressure.

Thus, the 60-year oldster looks and moves toward a brighter sun and milder climate.

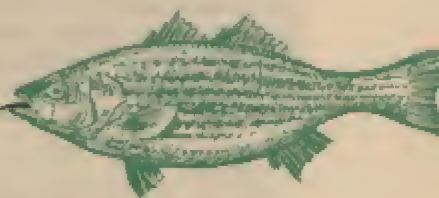
St. Petersburg, Fla., is the classic example of this trend. In 1890 it had 273 residents. In 1950 some 96,700 citizens inhabited this haven of the aged where even the curbstones are sloped to make it easy

(Continued on page 84)



THE LAW MEANT MORE TO JOE FREEMAN THAN THE BIGGEST ROCKFISH IN THE BAY

Thousand dollar fish



By DON TRACY

"SOMETIMES," Francie said slowly, "I don't think I can stand it any longer." "Well—" Joe Freeman began, and stopped. He couldn't talk to Francie; he couldn't talk to anybody. He was dumb both ways, stupid and never able to find the right words.

"This life," Francie kept on, talking to the breakfast dishes she was clashing in the sink, "what is it? You're up before dawn, you're gone all day long, every day, and I'm alone. When you come back, you have to work on that boat till you can't see and then you're so tired you fall into bed right after supper. You call that living?"

"We're getting ahead," Joe offered. "When the boat's paid for—"

"When the boat's paid for!" Francie laughed harshly as she swung around from the sink. Pretty, even in this temper. "Then what? The same thing for the next 50 years, till I'm an old woman and you're too old to skipper a boat. Then, maybe, when it's too late, you'll think about doing what I want you to do—go ashore and take a job and let us live like human beings."

"Like human beings?" he said. "It's not that bad, Francie. We've built up a little business, our parties always come back, and—"

"And what?" she asked. "What does all this work get you, Joe? Money? Half the money you could be making at Trott's?"

He shook his head.

"But—but this is ours, Francie. The boat, the business, the name—"

"Name, hah!" she flung at him. "Now it's the name you've made that's important. Joe Freeman is building a name for himself! No money, but plenty of integrity, that's Joe!"

She went back to the dishes and the words came at him over her shoulder, stinging.

"You'd better get down to the boat," she told him. "It's almost daybreak and you know Joe Freeman never keeps a party waiting, even if it means we have to get up in the middle of the night. I'll have your sandwiches ready when you get back from Johnson's."

He looked at her straight, slender back, trying again to think of something to say, and then shook his head, left the neat little kitchen. He walked down the slope to the dock and out to the *Merry Gal*. The boat's name had fitted Francie once; it didn't now.

He cast off, went to the controls, turned the key in the switch and pressed the starter button. He eased the gear lever forward. The *Merry Gal* stirred smoothly, slid away from the pier. He twisted the wheel and headed for Johnson's to pick up his gas and ice.

The tortuous channel out of Widgeon Creek was outlined by brush markers barely visible in the pre-dawn haze. But Joe didn't need them. He had been born and raised on Widgeon Creek and, except for his hitch in the Coast Guard, never had been far away. The run to Johnson's gave him time to think about Francie, to wonder what he could do.

Do, what else was there to do except go ashore, take a job at Trott's boat yard, forget the *Merry Gal* and all the plans he had made—they had made—about building the biggest and best charter boat fleet on Chesapeake Bay? Maybe the plans always had been silly but they had seemed real enough when Francie Riddick had said she'd marry Joe Freeman.

She had married Joe when there were many other

NATION'S BUSINESS SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH

fellows with more to offer; Henry Cain, Charley Squires, Lou Remick—well, not Remick because whatever he had had to offer couldn't make up for what he was—and it had been a miracle to Joe. During the first couple of years together he found himself wondering if this happiness could possibly last. He had sworn he would make it last. Now it was over.

She couldn't be blamed, really. There were no close neighbors and as she had said, he was away all day, every day, and when he was home he spent most of his time on the boat.

When she first complained he had tried to spend less time working on the *Merry Gal* but the cruiser demanded a lot of attention. She was not a new boat and if Joe turned his back on her for long she was apt to develop a mean streak.

Maybe all women developed mean streaks—no, that wasn't fair. Francie wasn't mean, she was lonesome. Or, and the thought chilled him, maybe she thought now that marrying him had been a mistake.

The boat slid alongside Johnson's dock.

"First customer," the old man said, "as usual."

Old man Johnson liked to jaw and Joe answered his babble with monosyllables, not that he ever was talkative, no matter what his frame of mind. The tanks were filled and the ice chest loaded. Joe paid his bill and got his road tax refund slip.

"How's Francie?" the old man asked as he went toward the bow line.

"Fine."

"While you're out one of these days I'm goin' to go over and set with her a spell," Mr. Johnson said. "Shame, a pretty girl like her all alone. You better be careful, Joe. Hee hee hee."

Joe forced an answering laugh, of sorts. Maybe Francie was so lonesome that even old man Johnson's company would be welcome. And suppose it was somebody besides an old man who came to set a spell? Somebody like Lou Remick.

He turned the *Merry Gal* homeward to pick up the day's party, a man named Nicholls from Baltimore, a new customer. Give this Nicholls a good day on the bay, show him you know how to find fish, and



he'll be back—maybe to find somebody else handling the *Merry Gal* while Joe Freeman worked at Trott's.

He sniffed the salty dawn.

It was good trolling weather, with a breeze out of the west, not enough wind to make it choppy but enough to stir up the fish that the Chesapeake Bay country called rock and the rest of the world called striped bass.

He cut the *Merry Gal's* speed as she entered Widgeon Creek and threaded her way toward the white cottage with the green roof that was being caught now by the first rays of the sun. There was a car parked beyond the pier and Francie stood in the side yard, talking to two men. Good, this man Nicholls was on time, and they could be over Brick

House Bar, where he planned to start trolling, when they ought to be.

He brought his boat alongside the little dock, shut off the engine and stepped up onto the weathered planking to say hello to the new customer. When he had first come back from the Coast Guard, Joe had had to go into Annapolis and pick up chance charters at the Main Street dock but now he was booked ahead for two weeks to a month. He was proud of that but what did it really mean in cash, compared with what other fellows got ashore?

He stopped short on his way up the dock and his fists balled at his sides.

The older of the two men talking to Francie must be Nicholls. Sight of the second man made Joe's face go hard and tight.

"Hi, Joe," the younger man said. "How's it going?"

"Hello," Joe forced himself to say. "Hello, Lou."

Francie had gone with plenty of men before she had picked him for her husband and most of them were good fellows. And then there had been Lou Remick and he never would be a good fellow.

"You imagine things," Francie had said when he had spoken against Lou. "He's nice. He likes you, too. He said once you were the best charter boat man on the bay."

"I'll bet," Joe had growled.

This was the first time he had seen Lou Remick since Francie and he were married, but it wasn't the first time he had thought of the way Lou usually looked at Francie.

"Joe," Francie was saying, "this is Mr. Nicholls, Lou's boss in Baltimore. This is my husband, Joe, Mr. Nicholls."

Nicholls was a big man with a tanned face that showed he was used to the outdoors. He had a brief smile that went with a hard handshake.

"Hello, Captain," Nicholls said. "Glad to know you."

"And you'd better find him a lot of fish today, Joe," Lou said, "because I've been bragging about you all over the city."

Joe tried to laugh but he couldn't. He was looking from Nicholls to Remick to Francie and all the time his mind was saying, *what is this, what is this?* But that, he told himself, was because he couldn't think straight wherever Lou Remick was concerned; the guy's boss was just taking him along on a fishing trip, that's all.

"And Joe," Francie said.

"Yeah?"

"Joe, Mr. Nicholls and Lou have asked me to go along with you," she said. He stared at her. "Please, Joe! I haven't been out on the *Merry Gal* for months and months."

"We'd enjoy having her, Captain," Nicholls said. "Mrs. Freeman would be more than welcome."

"No," Joe said in a final, ugly tone.

"Aw, come on, Joe," Lou Remick said, easily. "It would be good for Francie. She was telling us she didn't have a chance to get around much, with you so busy, so I—Mr. Nicholls, that is—said come along with us."

"No, I—"

"Please, Joe," Francie said. Joe knew she would not ask again.

He looked at her and saw what this meant to her. If he said no again, it would mean to her that he begrudged her this chance to be happy again for a few hours. Those few hours with Lou Remick might show her just how wrong she had been.

"All right," he said, slowly. "If Mr. Nicholls asked you it's all right with me." (Continued on page 76)

Prep school of the STARS



Pasadena's Playhouse is more than a community theater.

It's also Hollywood's biggest single supplier of talent

By **RICHARD TREGASKIS**

IT USED to be, when Marilyn Belladonna or Rocky Handsome, the neighborhood kid with movie star ambitions, wanted to crash the gates of Hollywood, there were several standard things to do about it.

Point No. 1 was to go to Hollywood, live on canned dogfood, and get a job behind the counter at Schwab's drugstore until the wealthy producer came in to buy his weekly *Variety*, and incidentally saw how glamorous you were and gave you a fat contract.

If you couldn't get work at Schwab's, it might be another place like a Sunset Strip drive-in or a Beverly Hills department store. But over the years it has become apparent that there is another, more scientific and—percentage-wise—more effective method.

This is to go to a city of some 105,000 population, about 20 miles northeast of the epicenter of Hollywood, and join up with the local civic theater. That town is called Pasadena, and the theater, a non-profit affair, is appropriately dubbed the Pasadena Playhouse.

The notion that a spell at the Playhouse can lead to a movie or TV career has been growing fast among young acting aspirants. Among the young unknowns who have come to the Playhouse full of justified hope are Eleanor Parker, Dana Andrews, Robert Young, Randolph Scott, Lee Cobb, Marilyn Maxwell, John Carradine, Lloyd Nolan, Victor Jory, Martha Graham and so on.

One case of springboarding to stardom via this outlet is the com-

paratively recent one of William Holden. He was an humble student of dramatic acting in the Pasadena outfit. The drama was a bit about Madame Curie, called "Manya." The female lead was being played by a girl named Edwina Booth, a direct descendant of the famous American actor. A gentleman from the casting department of Columbia Pictures, in nearby Hollywood, was on hand to have a look at Miss Booth as an acting possibility.

After the show, she was asked to come to the studio for a screen test. The test never came to anything for Miss Booth, but plenty happened to young Mr. Holden when he went to the studio to keep her company. Harry Cohn, boss of Columbia, came to look at the test,



NOLAN PATTERSON—BLACK STAR

Since 1924 women of the community have been dropping by the costume department in small groups to alter garments and sew on buttons



Dorothy Arzner, discoverer of Rosalind Russell and others, directed many well known motion pictures before joining the staff of the school

The average civic theater puts on five to 20 plays per season. Pasadena gives 75 or 80 a year

spotted the actor, took a second look and pronounced authoritatively: "There's our Golden Boy."

It seems that Mr. Cohn and his associates were then undertaking a movie of Clifford Odets' famous drama and needed a husky young man to play the prize fighter. William Holden got the job and became famous.

More recently, a Playhouse student named Edward Kemmer has become famous and prosperous as the originator and principal actor in a TV interplanetary serial of slight credibility and fantastic popularity, "Space Patrol."

The principal asset of this community-built and sponsored civic theater is in geography, although other factors like size and mass production are important.

The location of the Playhouse's \$1,000,000 plant is fortunate: neither too near nor too far from Hollywood. If it were 100 miles away from the smoggy studio barnyards, movie and TV executives wouldn't drive out to give it the o.o., or gander it, in the carefully casual slang of filmdom. If it were right in the middle of Hollywood, the execs would probably find it too convenient.

But set up where it is, with impressive buildings and stages, backed by the social prestige of the wealthy community which



fathered it, managed by astute directors who maintain an independent mental attitude toward the Hollywood blandishments, the Playhouse is ideally situated to be, as it is, the biggest single supplier of Hollywood stars.

But there is another trade secret which has made it successful over its 36-year history: mass production of plays. This method of production could be the salvation of many struggling little theaters throughout the country—that is, if they were able to put up the public financial support which mass production entails.

In sheer volume of production, the Pasadena Playhouse is tops. The average civic theater puts on five to 20 plays per season. Pasadena presents 75 or 80 and keeps going all year round.

The guiding geniuses of the Playhouse, Gilmor Brown and Charles P. Prickett, claim, in fact, that their beloved organization is the most prolific of all theaters in the world, with some 3,600 produced dramas. This puts it well ahead of the second ranking play production line, the world-famed *Comedie Francaise* (founded in 1680).

The mass production of plays has a double utility. It helps to pay the bills—because the chances of being ruined by a flop play are not nearly so great. And secondly, it has the function of drawing more of the movie and television executives from Hollywood.

The Playhouse is the only theater in the U. S. to have put on all of Shakespeare's plays, for example; so if Abe Nonsuch of Impossible Pictures wants to see "Timon of Athens" to steal some ideas for his latest epic, he may well catch it at Pasadena—and might, coincidentally, find a lead actor there too.

The primary interest of the Playhouse is not to land its student players in movie or TV jobs. It is, and has been, to put on good drama, to be a cultural asset to the community.

Apparently it has been that, because the community has rewarded it with one of the handsomest of all civic theater plants. The main buildings cover most of a block in the downtown center, with a nearby group of dormitories for students. The main building, a Spanish-type adobe structure that looks like an overgrown mission church, houses the main theater with 852 seats, the much smaller East and West Balcony theaters, and the Patio theater; behind it, in a six-story modern structure, are the



Gilmor Brown, left, and Charles Prickett claim that the Playhouse is the world's most prolific theater—with some 3,600 produced dramas

television stages, a large \$70,000 costume department, one of the nation's most complete theatrical libraries—plus workshops and offices.

All this is paid for. The Playhouse is solvent, with an average excess of about \$3,000 income over expenses. That is a narrow enough operating margin, but the Playhouse is not trying to get rich. It is a nonprofit corporation, an educational institution with 250 students and, by designation of the California legislature, the state theater too.

This position of eminence was not easily achieved. For years the organization struggled for existence, battled national crises and various local emergencies which could always be summed up in the general heading "shortage of funds."

Gilmor Brown, the founding father and present director, is a suave, tall and aristocratic figure, but his dominant facial characteristic is a long and determined jaw. Determination has been the commodity he needed most in the lifetime struggle to make the Playhouse a success. Mr. Brown and his partner, big, good-natured Charles Prickett, vice president, have been taxed to the limit by the crises which beset civic theaters.

Mr. Prickett's brother, Oliver, also an official of the Playhouse, sums this up adroitly: "Nobody's ever going to scare the brother or Gilmor because they've had it. The really harrowing days put a lot of sinew in the thing."

"The thing" was born, its harrowing history begun, in October, 1916, when Mr. Brown and a small group of actors descended from a

west-bound train at Pasadena. They had come at the invitation of one of the town's civic-minded citizens, Mrs. J. D. Durand. Mrs. Durand, traveling in the Middle-west the previous year, had met Mr. Brown in Hutchinson, Kans., where he was valiantly presenting Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

Mrs. Durand had told him that she felt he had something to give Pasadena. She said the city already had a Tuesday Morning Drama Study Club, and that as it expanded, it could make good use of a little theater.

Southern California in those days was only a sparsely inhabited desert land with some dry farming, some oil wells and orange groves, an infant, demimonde movie industry, and a few fashionable resort centers where wealthy easterners could winter. Pasadena, with a population of about 30,000, was such a center, but many of the citizens were anxious to make it more than that. One of the most active town boosters was a well known astronomer, Dr. George Ellery Hale, who had set his mind on making Pasadena the Athens of America.

But despite the interest of citizens like Mrs. Durand and Dr. Hale, Mr. Brown and his Savoy Stock Company had no Athenian feather bed to settle into.

One of the first large difficulties the new dramatic group encountered was the classic one which plagues most little theaters: how social shall we be? Some citizen-supporters of the Gilmor Brown theater were in favor of more Shakespeare. Mr. Brown thought that a civic theater should be a

(Continued on page 48)

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Among the drama school's star grads are, top, Victor Mature, Eleanor Parker, Dana Andrews

(Continued from page 45)
popular success—it must first of all present plays that will draw crowds; it shouldn't be slanted to please a small group of people, even if this group were capable of paying all the bills.

So besides occasional Shakespearean dramas, the Brown group, at first called Savoy Players, also put on "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," "The Old-Fashioned Gentleman" and other contemporary gems. The actors were mostly volunteers—and amateurs.

Appropriately enough—consid-

ering the resounding fame of many of the actors developed by the Playhouse—the first woman to set foot on the stage was Martha Graham, doing a Chinese dance. The drama was entitled "Lady Lotus."

Before the year 1917 was over, the Savoy Playhouse, while having enjoyed a good box office nevertheless had gone broke and had reorganized as the Community Playhouse Association of Pasadena. The group went on doing the wide variety of plays which Mr. Brown always had insisted on.

A series of tough breaks kept knocking the Brown players back, however: First, the flu epidemic that came on the heels of World War I and closed all theaters for a month. Then the Pasadena Fire Department got into the act, alleging that the theater, with leaky gas illumination, insufficient exits and a rickety wooden frame, was a fire-trap.

In those trying days, some bargain rate productions were put on, including a record-making showing of "Oliver Twist," which was mounted for a total cost of \$2.50. Ordinarily, though, \$5 was required in the kitty before there could be a play, about \$2 being needed for make-up, on the average, the rest for other expenses.

Despite the donations of occasional goodhearted citizens—one, the wife of an oil millionaire, gave an electrical system—times continued perilous in the early 1920's. The business recession of that period left its mark—and the *coup de grâce* was dealt by the fire department, which, despite the new wiring system, ordered the barn-like structure closed for good, in 1924.

Fortunately, the Playhouse by this time had picked up a good business manager, a local man named Charles Prickett. A bank employe, Mr. Prickett had the acting bug too, and after a term of volunteer work, quit his job and became a professional manager at the Playhouse. Mr. Prickett vehemently tackled the job of raising funds for a new, fireproof theater. With the aid of a public relations man who was also a student playwright, H. O. Steckham, he arranged the citizens of Pasadena into categories, according to whether they could be called on to contribute \$5, \$50 or \$1,000.

Concurrently, about 500 volunteer collectors were enlisted. Within three months, \$183,000 had been raised for a new theater. The idea was sold on the basis of its cultural value to the community. In short

order the big building which contains the main stage had been put up, with a mortgage of \$150,000 and \$75,000 in underwriters' notes outstanding.

The new building was opened in May, 1925. It was the largest community theater west of New York, and as Charles Prickett shrewdly observed, "It forced a new approach to the problem of operation. The frame now outshone the picture. The butcher, baker and candlestick maker (who had been acting in productions heretofore) lacked the polish needed for the new frame."

"This meant we would have to depend more on people hopeful of dramatic or moving picture success—and on people, the wealthier ones, who could devote more time to rehearsing."

Fresh amateurs were still used in productions—this was obligatory in a community theater—but the organization took on a more professional character. This in turn attracted the visitors from Hollywood film emporiums more strongly—and in the same swoop also brought more serious students of acting.

In 1928, the quality of the acting talent was further enhanced when the Playhouse undertook the character of a school. About 20 students were admitted, among them Onslow Stevens, later a famous Broadway name; and Mary Mason, who became well known for many roles in George Abbott comedies.

At this period in Playhouse history a young would-be actor came to Pasadena to learn the trade, and especially to get rid of his southern accent. He was Randolph Scott, fairly fresh out of the University of North Carolina and Georgia Tech.

Another student-actor destined for fame was a native Pasadena lad dubbed Preston Meserve (later changed to Robert Preston). His mother worked in a local department store while he studied. After picking up bit parts in Hollywood he went on to more considerable roles.

Victor Mature was an apprentice in these years at the Playhouse, too. He worked hard at acting. He also pounded the Hollywood pavements and knocked on numerous casting department doors. At last he gave up the effort, and went back to his home in Louisville, Ky., to go into his father's refrigerator business. He might have spent his life there, but for a crisis in the casting of "Autumn Crocus." The director put in a call to Vic, persuaded him to give the theater one more try. Within the season



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the tyro was offered his first movie job. It was "One Million B.C." which earned him the sobriquet "beautiful hunk of man" and a string of starring roles.

At the same time Mr. Mature was enduring adversity and working toward success, the Playhouse had a similar history. The depression nearly folded the enterprise. In 1933, Charles Prickett recalls, the nadir was reached.

Then he came up with a profit-sharing plan which saved the day. Had he offered to cut salaries the whole enterprise might have collapsed. Instead, he figured that in an ordinary year about 46 per cent of the Playhouse's gross income went to salaries; he proposed to divide all future gross income on this basis—whatever the total income, 46 per cent would go to the Playhouse labor. All agreed to this except for the union and stagehand group. They wanted pay in full.

Incidentally, some of the union people came to regret this: In plush years to come, the percentage share of the nonunion workers was often as much as twice their pay before the start of the new plan.

To help the Playhouse over the worst of the 1933 crisis, Prickett and Brown went without remuneration for several months. And they had another idea to bring a greater measure of financial stability: To increase the size and raise the academic level of the school. They proposed to get a state charter which would allow the Playhouse to grant degrees of bachelor and master in theater arts.

But there was a large impediment to the latter design: not enough work space, a shortage of physical facilities. The State of California required so and so many square feet of classroom space, so much area for lockers and dormitories, and thus and so many instructors with bachelor, master and doctor's degrees.

The instructors with initials after their names could be procured—actors being so often men of high education. But the obtaining of larger plant facilities was a poser. Prickett and Brown envisioned a six-story school building, for an estimated cost of \$150,000.

Meanwhile, the fame of the Playhouse increased, each illustrious name of a graduate attracting

new and promising student-actors, who in turn brought fame and new talent. Robert Young, a clerk in a stockbroker's office, had acted in Playhouse productions in his spare time—and had become internationally famous for his roles in sophisticated movie comedy. Dana Andrews, a young man from Mississippi, gained a background in Shakespearean acting at the Playhouse.

And so the Pasadena fame grew, as, concurrently, the Playhouse partners found the answer to their financial problems. To meet current expenses, they poured forth a record number of productions—and to get the building they needed for a college of theatrical arts, they found a donor.

She was Mrs. Fannie Morrison, a wealthy widow who had come to Pasadena from Boston. Mrs. Morrison looked at the plans for the Playhouse addition, demanded a model, got it from a hardworking scenery crew—and donated \$165,000 to the project.

The building was finished in 1936, and at the same time, two large houses were bought as dormitories for students. In the same

honorary, and did not involve supervision or subsidy. But the new fame led to an enrollment of about 250 students a year, and greater revenue for the steady output of productions in the Playhouse theaters. And World War II, partly because of the curtailment of other types of amusement, brought a box-office bonanza to the Playhouse. Also, when the draft didn't interfere, a crop of new students and stars appeared.

Among the new names were many just now becoming nationally famous in movies and TV. One such was Louise Albritton, a Texas lovely who worked at modeling in spare time while she attended the Pasadena dramatic school. She got a movie contract and appears often on TV.

Then there was a girl named Joyce MacKenzie, one of Hollywood's glamor girls, who was serving humbly in the box office, when an executive of Twentieth Century-Fox happened to buy a ticket. The result was a contract.

Both Gilmor Brown and Charles Prickett, however, are anxious to point out that there are few "morn-

ing glories" (overnight stars) among the many who have graduated from the Playhouse and become famous on Broadway, in Hollywood, or on TV. They say that becoming a good actor demands years of work and study.

The forward-looking Mr. Brown sees the need of many more thousands of technicians, producers, directors, special talents, actors and actresses as the vast TV business expands. Specialization is growing more extreme, but a good general dramatic background is more than ever necessary. Hollywood, not so flashy or spendthrift as it used to be, appreciates this too, and recruits many of its specialists from the Playhouse lists.

The Playhouse is keeping up with the times, even a little ahead of the times: for Brown and Prickett are

looking forward now to three-dimensional movies and color television as worthy fields of learning. No doubt, when there are such things as stars of three-dimensional color television, they too will be recruited from that most illustrious of civic theaters, the Pasadena Playhouse. And it is a safe bet that the team of Brown and Prickett will still be presiding there.



year, the Playhouse won its charter as a dramatic school of college level. The following year the California Legislature named the Playhouse the "State Theater of California" because it "exemplified the highest standards of dramatic art and brought national and international renown to the State of California as a center of dramatic art."

The award of the legislature was

Year's report of a Company Built on Friendship

AT this time of year The Home Insurance Company reports on its activities of the previous year. The figures, the numbers, the dollars and cents have been summed up. They show the financial position of the Company and they have much interest for investors and stockholders. That is proper.

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ance are almost beyond the ordinary yardsticks of price and value received.

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On the eve of celebrating our 100th birthday, we look back on 1952 as an eventful and resultful year for The Home Insurance Company. It is a great satisfaction to all in The Home family—employee and management, producer and stockholder—to know that their year's work can be counted in terms of good things for many people . . . suffering averted, troubles overcome, peace of mind for people everywhere.

Henry C. Ross
PRESIDENT



BALANCE SHEET

ADMITTED ASSETS	December 31, 1952
United States Government Bonds	\$ 93,293,526.82
Other Bonds	69,662,362.94
Preferred and Common Stocks	154,190,561.00
Cash in Office, Banks and Trust Companies	34,904,305.02
Investment in The Home Indemnity Company	15,049,406.50
Real Estate	6,860,066.57
Agents' Balances or Uncollected Premiums, less than 90 days due	18,500,593.77
Other Admitted Assets	4,464,325.63
Total Admitted Assets	\$396,933,148.25
LIABILITIES	
Reserve for Unearned Premiums	\$171,326,990.31
Unpaid Losses and Loss Expenses	34,346,108.04
Taxes Payable	7,700,000.00
Reserves for Reinsurance	1,510,607.16
Dividends Declared	3,600,000.00
Other Liabilities	4,372,168.98
Total Liabilities	\$222,855,882.49
Capital Stock	\$ 20,000,000.00
Surplus	154,077,265.76
Surplus as Regards Policyholders	\$174,077,265.76
Total	\$396,933,148.25

NOTES: Bonds carried at \$5,766,596 Amortized Value and Cash \$483,000 in the above balance sheet are deposited as required by law. All securities have been valued in accordance with the requirements of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners. Based on December 31, 1952 market quotations for all bonds and stocks owned, the Total Admitted Assets would be \$393,148,811 and the Surplus as Regards Policyholders would be \$170,292,029.

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age of discovery... **now**

Exploration is more common today than in Columbus' time.

But with no new worlds to find, research and detailed scientific study are the objectives

By HAWTHORNE DANIEL

EVERYBODY has heard, naturally, of Columbus, Magellan and Ponce de Leon, the old-day explorers. But how many can recall offhand the names of two or three of the current explorers, men who may one day rank with those greats of the past?

Nevertheless, there are more honest-to-goodness explorers at work today than ever before. Geographically speaking, there are no "great new worlds" to discover. Yet, there are no less than 112 expeditions which, for the most part, are now at work or have been fairly recently.

They are headed by such men as Paul-Emile Victor and Wendell Phillips. Neither of these men are mentioned in the same breath with Columbus or Magellan, yet in time their work from a scientific point of view may have significance beyond anything thought of today. Victor, leader of the French-sponsored Greenland Icecap Expedition, discovered that Greenland is not the world's greatest single island as most people thought, but three islands so deeply covered with ice that even the channels that separate them cannot be seen.

Phillips, one of the world's younger explorers, and his expedition representing the American Foundation for the Study of Man, traveled early in 1951 to Yemen where the Queen of Sheba lived about 950 B.C. This is an ill-defined country that stretches back from the Red Sea into the hot and sandy interior of southern Arabia. The

expedition was forced to abandon its work when governmental authority abruptly was revoked.

Before these men there were Roy Chapman Andrews, Adm. Richard E. Byrd, the late Martin Johnson, and Carl Akeley. All of them operated under different conditions and with different aims than those of their early predecessors.

Exploration today has undergone a change from the days when much of the world was an uncharted area. Explorers now busy themselves with research and detailed study more than with geographic discovery. That is why few widely known explorers now lead expeditions "into the great unknown."

An explorer, according to one definition, is a "traveler seeking geographical or scientific discovery." You're not an explorer, in other words, if you find some new insect in the woods, or come upon some buried artifact of a pre-Columbian Indian tribe in the vacant lot next door.

Most people who go to Bermuda, for instance, are tourists, but William Beebe and Otis Barton were certainly explorers when they climbed into their bathysphere and had it lowered far down through the clear Bermuda waters. They were out to study life deep in the sea, and 3,000 feet down in the ocean is still a little-known region.

The Explorers Club of New York, which, incidentally, has more members now than ever in its half century of existence, wishes to encourage scientific research, but

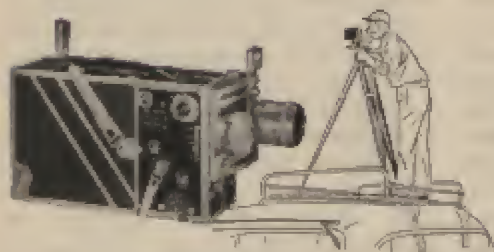
states that the research that counts is the kind that leads into regions "either unknown or little known" where "contributions to knowledge may be gathered firsthand." Most of today's explorers actually fall into that category, far more so than the earlier explorers whose chief aims were riches and fame.

Even when remote areas are visited, of course, it is not usually the visit itself that is important. It is the new information the explorer is able to obtain, and today that is especially true as we broaden our fields of investigation and evolve new methods for use in the search.

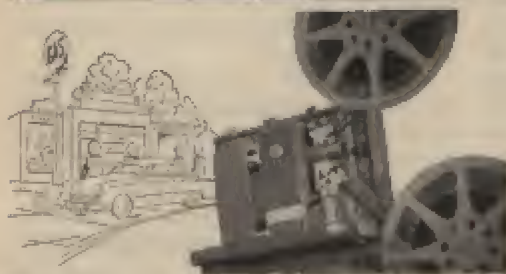
In 1951, for instance, when Victor discovered that Greenland was not a single island after all, he used the latest sound wave equipment to measure the depth of the icecap. To the explorer and the geographer his finding was important, for it told them a little more about the make-up of the world.

Fundamentally, exploration is a search for information, which may or may not have a practical aspect. Victor's discovery of a tripartite Greenland is not likely to make any difference to most people, but every explorer recognizes its importance. Stay-at-homes may feel that the cost of the search—in time, money, effort, and possible danger—is disproportionate to the ends attained, but the explorer doesn't feel that way. He has been there! He has returned with new information! In all likeli-

tips

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through photographyAudio-Visual methods pay off in many ways . . . a few
examples from the files of Kodak Audio-Visual Dealers*Machine company shoots own selling movies*

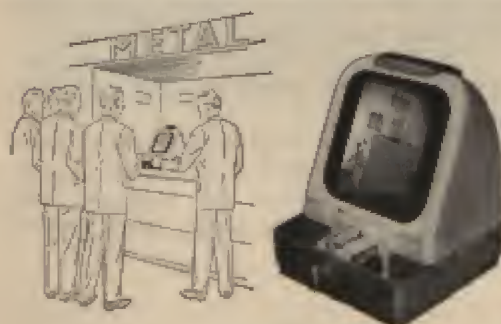
"Two and a half years ago we purchased a Cine-Kodak Special II Camera. Believe me when I say it has certainly paid off. We do all our field work with it—taking movies of our farm equipment in use. We produced two feature-length company films and many product shorts for our sales organizations. Being a professional piece of equipment and yet portable makes the Special II outstanding."—From a prominent manufacturer of farm machinery.*

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In its dealer training, this large oil-and-gasoline refiner relies heavily upon sound movies to explain company policies as well as the merchandising of its products and services. Ten- to fifteen-minute films carry messages from top executives. "Sound films in color give our dealers help on selling. In the Rochester District, we project with KodalScope Pageant Sound Projectors—quiet in operation and the finest we have ever used"—says the District Manager of a large refiner.*

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hood he would be satisfied if that were the only pay he ever received.

There is, unfortunately, no clearinghouse for information about the activities of explorers, but I have made a list of 112 expeditions and, while the list is not complete, it does give an idea of where explorers find it interesting and profitable to work. Two of the expeditions have worked at sea, but the others are divided as follows:

Expeditions to islands all around the world	27
Asia (exclusive of the U.S.S.R. and China)	18
Africa	17
South America	15
Arctic (no military expeditions included)	12
Canada and Alaska (some of these could be called Arctic)	10
Mexico and Central America	5
Antarctic	4
United States (the Southwest)	2

A few of these have been hardly more than field trips, but most had serious scientific investigation and real exploration in mind. Many of them have added little or nothing to purely geographical knowledge, but none has been aimless. The fields of study have ranged from anthropology to zoology, and have included almost everything from life in the deep sea to cosmic rays in the stratosphere. Members of these expeditions have climbed mountains and searched the ocean floor, have entered the craters of volcanoes and penetrated caves. They have crossed deserts and studied glaciers, lived in jungles and on the Arctic ice, dug up fossils and excavated buried cities. Because of their work we know more about the world.

The greatest single area of unexplored territory today is the interior of Antarctica, and it is a rare year that does not see an expedi-

tion or two at work down there. Admiral Byrd went to Antarctica in 1946-47 with 13 ships and 4,000 men—the largest expedition in the history of exploration—and is now planning still another expedition—his fifth—to the far south.

He hopes to learn more of the possibilities of developing the vast quantities of coal, copper, silver, and iron that are believed to exist there, which is surely a practical objective, but expedition members will ask other questions, too. Someone will surely want to know whether or not the Antarctic climate is changing, and, among other things, how the emperor penguin is able to hatch its eggs in a climate that would promptly freeze any other eggs and most other birds. They'll make airplane flights, too, and in that way will add sections to the map before those sections have been actually visited.

The Arctic, on the other hand, is more rapidly giving up its secrets. Experimental air fields actually have been established on Arctic Ocean "ice islands" far from the nearest land, and the North Pole itself, which for so long seemed to represent all that was difficult in exploration, has been flown over more than 700 times by U. S. Air Force planes sent out from Alaska to study Arctic weather.

There always have been a few individuals who were curious to know what lay on the other side of the next hill, but it remained for certain Europeans of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to go at it in a big way.

Prince Henry the Navigator of Portugal did more than anyone else to start the "Age of Discovery," but it was Christopher Columbus, 32 years after Prince Henry died, who dramatized it.

Columbus knew not only what he wanted to do, but also exactly what he wanted for doing it. One reason he had so much trouble getting started was the price he set. He first wanted the Spanish king to make him "Admiral of the Ocean-Sea." Then he wanted to be viceroy of any and all lands he might discover. As a final touch, he wanted one tenth of all the precious metals that might be found in the regions he might discover!

Ferdinand and Isabella turned him down, but he must have been a good salesman, because the king and queen finally agreed. So Columbus, who made the world's greatest geographical discovery, also got the best contract any explorer ever had.

John Cabot, for instance, who planted the English flag on continental America before Columbus had seen anything but some of the islands of the West Indies, wasn't treated so well. About all he got beside a pat on the back was £10 in cash from King Henry VII and the promise of a pension of £20 which the king later forgot to pay.

After these two made their voyages, any number of other explorers began looking for fountains of youth, for golden cities, and for all sorts of get-rich-quick ideas. Their various kings were usually in on the deal, too, and some of these explorers actually found what they were looking for, as Cortez did in Mexico, and as Pizarro did in Peru. But most remarkable of all, most of those vast portions of the world that had remained unknown to Europeans since the beginning of time were searched out and explored.

Colonies were established. Empires expanded. New nations came into existence. By degrees the world we know today developed—





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largely because a few explorers insisted on going out to see what they could find.

Nowadays exploration has little to do with get-rich-quick schemes or colonies, though a number of national claims, some of which conflict, have been staked out in Antarctica, and elsewhere the great oil companies are forever exploring for oil. And when, under the impact of World War II, American steel companies began to see that we would soon be reaching the end of the rich iron ore deposits of the Mesabi Range in northern Minnesota, any number of geologist-explorers were sent out to hunt new deposits.

THEY went to half-explored and unexplored areas of Alaska, British Columbia, Labrador, and Newfoundland—to Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, and Brazil—even to Liberia and elsewhere. In a little known portion of Venezuela they discovered several important deposits of iron ore, and found one in particular that may prove to be the richest easy-to-work large deposit in the world. In Labrador, too, and in Liberia they discovered other rich and extensive deposits.

Here was practical exploration at work. It was commercial, certainly, but it was exploration, too. Above all, it was practical.

Explorers are not likely to be the best paid people in the world. Often enough they foot their own bills or, when they represent universities or scientific institutions, their expenses are paid. Otherwise they receive nothing but their often modest salaries. The late Martin Johnson, of course, combined exploration with making motion pictures of animal life in Africa and elsewhere, and it is a rare explorer who fails to write a book or to lecture when he returns. But also it is a rare book that pays the author very much, and those who are able to retire on the income from their lectures are rarer still.

So it isn't money that lures the explorer. It is the search itself, along with certain related ends that sometimes play their part.

Carl Akeley of the American Museum of Natural History and a former president of the Explorers Club, for instance, died on his last expedition to the gorilla country of the Belgian Congo after having led a long series of expeditions to study African animals. Those who knew Akeley feel certain that he felt amply repaid for all his work when his efforts finally brought about the establishment in the Belgian

Congo of the Parc National Albert. This park has now been expanded to 1,000,000 acres and is one of the world's greatest animal preserves.

Usually explorers go into the field only for limited periods. Roy Chapman Andrews, however, led a 14-year series of extended expeditions into Outer Mongolia and other portions of eastern Asia. Largely concerned with the rich fossil beds, these expeditions proved that central Asia was one of the chief centers of the origin and distribution of reptilian and mammalian life. And on the practical side, they mapped large sections of the Gobi Desert.

A more recent example of prolonged study in the field has been carried on by the American Geographical Society through its Juneau Ice Field Research Project. Since 1948 the Society has sent five expeditions into a 700-square-mile area of mountains and glaciers which lies in the Coast Ranges between Juneau, Alaska, and the Yukon-British Columbia border.

By studying the fluctuations of glaciers these expeditions have been running down clues to the weather trends not only of Alaska but also of other parts of the world. A report released by the Society in July, 1952, announced that "an apparent climatic change is now taking place in the Arctic" and that there are "indications that Arctic weather is yearly growing warmer."

While this work was being car-

ried on during 1951, quite another kind of expedition was at work on the Atlantic side of Canada. Under the leadership of Dr. Victor Ben Meen, director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Geology and Mineralogy, the National Geographic Society-Royal Ontario Museum Expedition was looking for proof that the vast "Chubb Crater" which lies in northern Quebec is actually of meteoric origin.

Discovered in February, 1950, by Frederick W. Chubb, a prospector, this enormous water-filled pit has a diameter of more than two miles and a maximum depth of 1,325 feet. It greatly surpasses the Canyon Diablo Crater of Arizona which had been considered the greatest scar ever left by a meteorite on the surface of the earth.

Until Dr. Meen and his expedition carried out a survey of the seven-mile rim no real evidence of the crater's meteoric origin had been found. On Aug. 22, 1951, the expedition's magnetometer—an electronic device—detected the underground presence of what is believed to be the main mass of the meteorite that blasted this enormous pit in the hard sub-Arctic granite.

To the scientist, the magnetometer's record is next best to actual visual proof. It now seems clear that this vast pit was blasted out thousands of years ago by the greatest single meteorite of which there is any record—an earth-



shaking cataclysm that splashed some 5,000,000,000 tons of shattered granite over the bare surrounding countryside.

While this sub-Arctic expedition was in the field, Prince Peter of Greece and Denmark was leading an anthropological expedition into Bhutan and to the borders of Tibet, on the opposite side of the world. Dr. Carney Weeks, under the sponsorship of the American Museum of Natural History, was planning an expedition which is now in the field in French Equatorial Africa where it has been busy studying the fauna and flora of the region since mid-1952.

But one of the most dramatic recent happenings in the field of exploration took place in February of last year when Wendell Phillips and his expedition escaped from Yemen.

The Queen of Sheba—whose acquaintance with King Solomon is a matter of Biblical record—once ruled this part of the world, and Phillips wanted to explore and excavate there. He hoped to work out some of Yemen's ancient history. A costly, well equipped expedition was assembled.

THE expedition went to work in 1950, and in 1951 obtained permission to excavate in the vicinity of Mareb, far in the interior. Progress was being made in excavating an ancient ruin known as the Temple of Bilquls when, early in 1952, Imam Ahmed, the ruler of Yemen, apparently had a change of heart.

At any rate, he cut off the expedition's supplies, and the members of the party found themselves threatened with imprisonment. They managed to lead the local native soldiers astray and, abandoning almost \$200,000 worth of equipment and all their archaeological "finds," escaped in two motor trucks across the border to ultimate safety in Aden.

By comparison with the unexplored regions of half a century ago those of today are limited. Nevertheless, many areas of the world are still to be visited, and important secrets of many more are still to be searched out. Even here in the United States unexplored regions still exist—parts of the canyon of the Snake River, for instance.

As geographical frontiers shrink, the frontiers of science seem constantly to broaden. The more we learn of the world in which we live the more we learn to look for. That is why explorers are so numerous and busy nowadays.

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(Continued from page 29)

Carolina, the chairman of the committee in the Democratic Eighty-first and Eighty-second Congresses. But this didn't prevent him from firing a steady barrage of press releases bitterly criticizing the Democratic majority at every step in the enactment of the 1950 and 1951 tax increase bills.

His activities at that time caused one rankled Democratic member to comment:

"Dan is a very lovable old gentleman except when he's playing politics. The trouble is that lately he's been playing politics practically all of the time."

FROM a New England ancestry—his middle name, Alden, goes back to John Alden—Mr. Reed has inherited an unshakable belief in the virtue of self-sufficiency and the value of money. This was illustrated during the final weeks of the 1952 political campaign, when candidates were deluging the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee with requests for more money to meet last-minute expenses. The committee was happily surprised by a letter from Dunkirk, N. Y., however. Mr. Reed, it said, didn't need the \$500 routine contribution the committee had sent him and was returning it with thanks.

His opposition in Congress to most new spending plans comes from a combination of this thrifty New England instinct plus a conviction that big spending means big government and big government means the end of private capitalism.

His own life provides ammunition for his attacks on proponents of bigger federal outlays. For example, a group of state governors who were drawing up a bid for more federal aid recently were read a Reed lecture on his experiences in Flint, Mich., during World War I. Flint was expanding rapidly then, and for three years he coordinated a far-reaching program of urban development, which was being sponsored by the local Chamber of Commerce.

"We built 3,000 workers' homes," he told the governors. "We hired the best architects to lay out new areas and the best engineers to plan transportation systems. We built schools. We worked wonders. And we never called on the federal Government for a nickel."

Another of his stories—with-purpose relates how his home town adopted two European towns shattered in World War II—Dunkirk, France, and Anzio, Italy. The people of the American Dunkirk shipped over thousands of dollars worth of food, clothing, hospital supplies, livestock and other essentials of reconstruction.

"After the war, Mrs. Reed and I were in Anzio to put flowers on graves in the American cemetery there," the congressman relates. "Somehow, the word got out that we were from Dunkirk, U.S.A. When we got back to the village, flags were out, a band was playing, the kids had been let out of school and everybody was cheering. If this country had adopted our town's method of helping Europe, we could have supplied every devastated area with everything it needed, and could have done it a lot cheaper than with this foreign aid program. You can't carry on charity through government channels."

It was a tragic accident to his father that deterred young Dan Reed from following a long family seafaring tradition. From the first Reeds who came to the United States in 1636, the men of his family were ships' captains. Late in the eighteenth century, part of his family left the Atlantic Coast and moved to Sheridan, N. Y., and Great Lakes shipping. Mr. Reed's great-grandfather took cargoes into Green Bay, Wis., when it was still owned by the French.

His father also captained a Great Lakes ship, and young Dan was working under him in 1892 when the elder Reed slipped while coming down a ship's ladder. His head hit a rail, and he died soon after.

"Both my brothers went on and became captains," the congressman recalls. "But I lost interest. I decided to go back to school."

HE went to Cornell University and there picked up some practical lessons in economic self-sufficiency and the value of money. Every morning he'd open the college book store at six o'clock. He swept and straightened the shop until seven and then sold books until the proprietors arrived at eight. In addition, he waited on tables and was the local agent for a fountain pen company and a clothing firm.

This full schedule did not prevent him from making an out-

That's Harvey Jones sitting there—and having the time of his life. At 46, he's back in school getting a first hand picture of teachers and methods, and what makes the young'uns tick.

Only last week he took the seventh-graders through his plant, showed them how his product was made, and how it went to market until it finally landed in their mother's kitchens. Then with simple picture charts he showed them how many local people were employed, how the weekly payroll was distributed, his incentive and profit-sharing plans.

Next, Harvey's planning to have them visit the bank, the newspaper and several other businesses. He's heard in some towns that the boys and girls actually work as temporary tellers and reporters and such, under supervision, and he's eager to try out the idea. He keeps right up to snuff on what's going on, thanks to the Education Department of the National Chamber. "They know their stuff," he says.

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standing record as an athlete. He rowed on the crew, was a weight lifter and hammer thrower, won the intercollegiate heavyweight boxing championship and played left guard on the varsity football team well enough to win All-American rating.

For reasons he doesn't clearly recollect, he decided to study law, and got his LL.B. degree in 1898. Then came five and a half years as an attorney in the New York State Excise Tax Division, working on the enforcement of the state liquor law. After that, he settled down to a private practice in Dunkirk, seven miles from his inherited 38-acre farm at Sheridan.

There, in addition to building a thriving law practice, Mr. Reed married a local girl named Georgia Ticknor. They had one daughter, who died a few years ago. A son, William, is secretary to the Senate majority.

Mr. Reed's early legal career was interspersed with football coaching assignments at Cornell, Penn State and the University of Cincinnati. "I was like an old fire horse," Mr. Reed says. "I'd decide to give up football and buckle down to the law, and then someone would offer me a coaching job and off I'd go."

After giving up coaching, he won fame in his community as a speaker and organizer. The Dunkirk Unitarian Church, for example, asked Mr. Reed, a Methodist, to help it get back on its feet. He went in, built up the membership, raised money—and ended by becoming a Unitarian himself.

His activities soon spread beyond Dunkirk. He was especially talented at helping businessmen organize and he got chambers of commerce operating in Buffalo, Brooklyn, Scranton, Pontiac, Flint and other cities. By the time World War I broke out, he had addressed business audiences in just about every major American city. By that time, too, he had moved on to the assignment of coordinating the Flint development program.

Liberty Loan drives and the food conservation program of World War I were natural outlets for his talents. He took charge of an eight-state Red Cross fund-raising campaign and a 19-state food-saving drive. Then Food Conservation Director Herbert Hoover appointed him to a four-man mission to study food supplies in England and France.

He visited most sections of the front and on his return found himself more in demand than ever as a speaker. He toured the country

on a rigorous Liberty Loan drive.

In 1918, Charles Hamilton, minority whip in the House and representative from Mr. Reed's district in New York State, decided to retire and began looking around for a successor. Mr. Hamilton sought out his old friend, Mr. Reed, and suggested that the latter look over the job. Mr. Reed at first wasn't interested, but changed his mind and decided to run. He won that election and 17 subsequent ones.

THOUGH Mr. Reed's thinning hair is white, his physique and carriage are still youthful. "I'd like to have his build," a committee staff member about one third his age said the other day. Mr. Reed neither drinks nor serves alcohol—not on moral grounds, he explains, but "because I've been in training all my life." He gave up smoking a few years ago—"I just decided it wasn't doing me any good and quit."

The New Yorker approaches physical fitness with the zeal of a missionary. When he came to Congress one of his first acts was to round up a group of colleagues for a twice weekly golf game.

He eventually gave up golf and his chief exercise today is walking. He gets up at dawn, and, with heavily loaded brief case, walks two or three of the four miles between his apartment and the Capitol.

He still follows football closely, mostly by television. Frequently he'll drop in at the Army and Navy Club to talk football with retired Brig. Gen. Joe Beecham, who was his first captain at Cornell and who now lives at the club. During dull committee hearings in the fall, Mr. Reed and one of his younger colleagues sometimes huddle in a corner and, while apparently deep in some technical problem, actually hash over football games of the previous week end.

Mr. Reed's main relaxations now are travel and color photography—and he usually manages to combine them. Wherever he goes, his camera goes too. His desk drawers are jammed with pictures which he enthusiastically shows to visitors, but invariably the talk will get around to government economy. Then Mr. Reed is apt to bring up what he calls "the Mellon theory"—the idea that lower tax rates do not necessarily mean less revenue. "When Andrew Mellon was Secretary of the Treasury," he'll relate, "he pushed through four tax cuts after people said it couldn't be done. The result? Prosperity and more revenue than ever." And that neatly sums up his current belief.



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ASSOCIATED PHOTOGRAPHERS

They called it devil's iron

By HARRY BOTSFORD

Once the problem child of
an industry, stainless steel
now has thousands of uses

ONE COMPANY spent \$500,000 in research on a new metal. It wasn't a big company, and in the mid 1920's that was a lot of money. The firm perfected two types of the metal, but was faced with the job of selling it. The utility of stainless steel, the problem child of the steel industry, was yet to be proven.

The sales executive who obtained the first big order was torn between elation and dismay. It was for 364 huge stainless steel rolls to be used in the annealing of glass.

"There's a string tied to the

order," he told his boss. "They insist on a 20-year guarantee that the rolls will stand up under daily service."

The president chuckled. "Give 'em the guarantee!" he said. "I'll be dead before it expires."

The president of the company is dead, as he predicted. But the stainless steel rolls are still in service and show no appreciable signs of wear.

Today, such a guarantee is almost a routine practice.

In a little more than 25 years, stainless steel literally has gone through the wringer. Many of the pioneers in its development are still alive. There isn't any legend about its past, its ancestry is something that might be shared by Germany, England and America. The development of stainless steel, its production and diversified uses, however, are wholly American in concept.

It would require reams of paper to define stainless steel adequately. The term applies to a family of alloy steels that resist corrosion or rust without the aid of surface coating. Some types are harder than ordinary steel, others will resist strong acids and will not rust under severe corrosive conditions. Some retain their strength under high temperatures and pressures. A piece of it can be exposed to the elements for years without losing any of its weight or utility.

Once the stubborn brat of the steel family, stainless steel now has thousands of uses. It functions in the average kitchen, serves as flatware that requires no polishing to retain its basic gleaming beauty. It is used in modern furniture and in architecture. It is specified for vital parts in our armament; it is fabricated into railroad cars. In hospitals, bakeries, canneries, breweries, distilleries, wineries and the dairy industry, its use is a guarantee of purity and sanitation. The oil industry swears by its utility and durability. The chemical industries use much tonnage because of its permanence under

severe operating conditions. It is almost impossible to name a basic industry that is not a heavy user of this metal.

But it wasn't always this way.

Steel workers called it "Devil's Iron" in the early days, and not without reason. Steel men looked on it as a Fancy Dan who didn't belong in the family. A steel company president brusquely replied to an order for stainless steel: "There isn't an alloy in our place and we won't have any around here any more than we would have a leper walking around the plant." This executive's company eventually became a leader in the production of stainless steel.

The new metal was temperamental, unpredictable; it set up a defiance to traditional methods of making steel, required coddling and special handling. One company needed 5,000 test heats before the formula for a single type of stainless steel emerged.

"Devil's Iron" was about the mildest epithet hurled at the stubborn yet beautiful metal. Pack openers suffered cuts from flying fragments and rollers and steelworkers hated the metal with profane sincerity.

The stubborn faith of a handful of steel executives kept the infant industry alive. They tossed blue chips on the table when the cards didn't seem to justify it. But it took a weary time for the industry to find answers that have produced a standard formula.

The pioneers met soaring promotion costs. Customers were chary of using the metal. Every shipment meant a mechanic to teach machine tool operators how to fashion it. The machining of stainless steel required a new technique, the average machinist disliked it because it held up production.

The difficulties would have disheartened a less determined industry. Yet these pioneers considered each difficulty a challenge.

One occurred in the late '20's. Stainless steel tubes in the cracking plant of a New Jersey refinery

blew up with a loss of \$1,000,000. But a new and improved metal was made—known as 18-8. The steel produced by this formula whipped the trouble and the market was saved.

The DuPont firm produced nitric acid; their engineers wanted materials that would supplant glass, the only material that had ever been used which would withstand the corrosive attacks of this acid. Stainless steel was impervious to nitric acid but the question was whether it could be fabricated into pressure-proof units. One company finally produced the metal.

THERE was no way of welding stainless steel, the forms had to be riveted. The steel people could see no reason why it could not be done. The first red-hot rivets were headed traditionally. Almost before the header was taken away, the air was filled with hot rivet heads. They refused to stay put. Then one workman decided to let a rivet cool, jam it into place, and head it. It stayed put, as did others. The units are still in service, but for years steel workers were haunted by the fear that the rivets might again start to pop. Today, the welding technique of stainless steel has been perfected.

The industry virtually bet Walter Chrysler that the stainless steel dome of the Chrysler Building in New York would last for 20 years. It has.

When the Empire State Building in New York was being erected the steelmakers received a terse message: "Your damned steel is rusting even before it is installed!"

It was discovered that the castings had been stored beneath construction steel and that rain dripping from the girders had deposited rusty water on the stainless steel, giving it the appearance of being rusted. A rub of a cloth removed the offending stain.

Stainless steel is here to stay. Our leadership is unthreatened by any nation or combination of nations. Since the end of the last war, the metal has displaced approximately 2,000,000 tons of ordinary steel or other construction materials. New uses are being found for it despite the fact that it costs more than other steels.

The brat of the steel industry is a big boy now, honored and respected, still gaining stature. With our iron ore reserves inevitably reaching a foreseeable economic exhaustion, the wisdom of using stainless steel is clear economy.

The brat is no longer a problem child.



COLD SHOULDERS MAKE HOT SAW NEWS

Remarkable development by B-W's ATKINS SAW keeps saw cool, blows away sawdust, speeds lumber production, permits sawing frozen logs!

In cutting logs and edging lumber, circular saws run at terrific rim speed causing excessive heat. This in turn causes tension changes of the blade, and results in poor quality of lumber, slows production, increases downtime for hammering and tensioning, shortens the life of the saw.

Now Borg-Warner's Atkins Saw Division research has developed this revolutionary inserted tooth saw with stabilizing holes.* This "air conditioning" of both rim and body blows away sawdust, relieves rim strain, keeps shoulders straight, keeps bits in true alignment. The saw runs cool, holds tension longer, cuts more uniformly, increases production. Even permits winter cutting of frozen logs without snaking or dust freezing.

Proved in every type sawmill, this new Atkins saw exemplifies Borg-Warner's "design it better—make it better" policy. It is another typical example of how—



Saws through frozen logs!

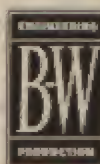


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BACHELOR OF INVENTION

Bill Kearsley was not a man to take the cold lying down. When the heat was turned off he invented an electric blanket

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

ANY BUDDING young researcher who wants to get ahead, nowadays, had better arm himself with a master's degree or, better still, a doctorate or two. Most of our larger industrial research laboratories won't even hire so much as a bottle washer unless he has earned at least a bachelor of science diploma.

Fortunately for the General Electric Company—and for the comfort and convenience of the rest of us—the old school tie hadn't been set up as a minimum employment essential when William K. Kearsley was hired back in 1903. For Bill's academic career ended after just one year of high school. And, if that had barred him, a hundred important inventions might never have been perfected and GE's stockholders would find themselves shy the roughly \$10,000,000 that Mr. Kearsley's gadgets have earned for the company.

Mr. Kearsley's fellow researchers at the great Schenectady labs love to tell stories about his more fantastic inventions, such as the electric-eye cat-sorter which he rigged up to let his black tabby enter the house while barring all the neighborhood's white, gray and Paisley felines.

When they top that with a description of his squirrel-slapper, an attachment that keeps the long tails from robbing his automatic

bird feeder, the unwary listener is likely to conclude that Mr. Kearsley and squirrel food have too much in common.

But he'd be all wrong. For Bill's serious inventions add up to an amazing group of contributions toward the improvement of medical science, industrial techniques, aviation safety and just plain, old-fashioned human comfort. Many of them have had their origin in the fact that Mr. Kearsley just cannot accept life's little annoyances which the rest of us never get around to doing anything about.

Take the nonmisting aviator's goggles that made high-altitude flying possible during World War II. Mr. Kearsley invented those long before the Air Force knew it needed them, after he had watched a surgeon working in a hot and humid operating room. The doctor had used two pairs of spectacles, wearing one while a specially detailed nurse wiped the mist off the other pair. To Mr. Kearsley this seemed a scandalous waste of nursing talent. So he placed a small battery in the surgeon's pocket, ran a heated wire up around his lenses and thus kept them too warm for the moisture to condense.

When the war broke out, the military beseeched research labs all over the country to come up quickly with mistproof goggles. All

sorts of experiments were tried, from specially formulated glass to tiny windshield wipers. But Mr. Kearsley won the race for GE with his little heating coils. They saved untold lives and, not so incidentally, earned the company some \$2,000,000.

The electric blanket—now commonplace in thousands of homes—came about in the same way. In the early 1900's, Mr. Kearsley lived near GE's Harrison Lamp Works, in a bachelors boarding club, where the heat was turned off promptly at midnight. The three engineers who shared his room, griped, grumbled and plied on the blankets. Mornings, they again grumbled over who would rise and slam down the window.

But Bill, bored with complaining, collected an assortment of pulleys, ropes and sash weights and rigged up a Rube Goldberg device. It closed the windows, kindled a fire on the hearth and, with the room all cosy, set a phonograph to playing a wake-up call. Then to top off his tinkering, he swiped a few yards of wire, sewed them into a piece of sheeting and made what was believed to be the world's first electric foot warmer.

Marrying, Bill left his foot

warmer to the shivering bachelors and forgot about it. But nearly 25 years later he dug up the idea again when Dr. William E. Coolidge, director of the GE labs, asked his help in perfecting a device to air condition a bed.

Dr. Coolidge had enclosed his own bed in a tight little booth with a heating and cooling arrangement to temper the air. If you weren't claustrophobic, it worked well enough for an hour or two. Then the purring of the fan and motor, as it echoed through the tight little chamber, woke you up in the dead of night.

Mr. Kearsley was supposed to quiet the gadget. But he took one look at it and promptly told his boss, "You're on the wrong track." Then he described the long-forgotten, simple little foot warmer and Dr. Coolidge—himself a great inventor—danced with excitement. In a few days Bill had rigged up his first model of an electric sheet, inventing a control that automatically adjusted the current for any fluctuation in bedroom temperature.

Dr. Coolidge tried it and slept like a babe, right through the ringing of his morning alarm. He rushed the sheet down to Gerard Swope, then GE's president, for a further trial. A few days later, the company's production men were given a red ball to tool up for a new product and in 1936 their first electric blanket was put on the market.

THREE years later, Mr. Kearsley's 30-year-old foot-warming gadget produced a second payoff when the Air Corps turned to him to apply the same principles to the heating of aviator's flying suits, gloves and boots.

Bill started to fight life's inconveniences while still in grade school. His earliest invention was a treadle that opened the cellar door when he rode up to it on his bicycle. When Marconi flashed his first wireless message across the Atlantic, young Kearsley was right behind him. Within a month, he had rigged up his own transmitter, using parts from an old ice cream freezer and grounding his set on a fireplug.

At 19, GE hired him as an apprentice electrician. Daytimes, he won a reputation as a whiz at ironing the bugs out of the troublesome, old-time bulb-making machines. Nights, he worked at all sorts of gadgeteering. Gradually, his fame as an ace trouble shooter spread throughout the growing company. Other plants began borrowing him to solve their head-

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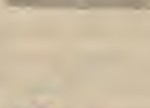
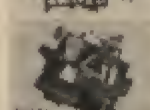
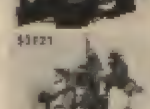
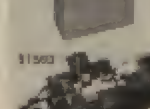
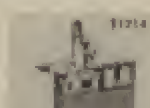
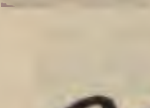
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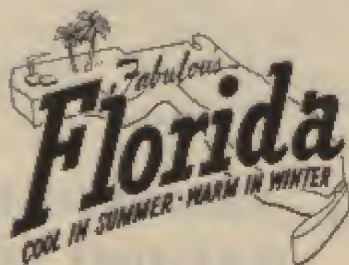
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aches. In 1918, he was sent on one such mission to the research laboratory at Schenectady.

Bill polished off the assignment in jlg time. But then, instead of going back home, he hung around, peppering the scientists with an endless barrage of questions. Many of them were annoyed. But Dr. Coolidge was intrigued. "What school did you go to?" he asked.

"Central High, in Washington," the young man answered, carefully avoiding mention of the shortness of his stay.

"You mean, you've never gone to college?" demanded the astounded director of research.

Bill, abashed, began to reach for his hat. But Dr. Coolidge stopped him. "Hang around for a few weeks," he said. "We could use a man who knows how to ask questions."

THE headman's hunch paid off almost immediately. Dr. Coolidge had developed the first high-powered portable X-ray for the Army Medical Corps. Right after World War I, he was busy adapting it for use in doctors' and dentists' offices. But every fluctuation of the power lines altered the emissions from the tube. No one could predict whether a picture would be underexposed or overexposed. A dozen assistants, all graduate engineers, were set the task of devising a control device. But, while they wrestled fruitlessly with the higher mathematics of the problem, Mr. Kearsley timorously placed a rough sketch on Dr. Coolidge's desk.

It was the design for an auto-

"I have believed in the basic rightness of our business system, in the principles upon which it is founded, and in the high general level of integrity which it demands of all those who achieve lasting success in its service."—Benjamin F. Fairless

matic stabilizing circuit that instantly ironed out all current fluctuations. Dr. Coolidge took one look at it and said, "Kearsley, how'd you like a research job here?"

"Well, I don't know much about research," the young man answered in all innocence. "But if I can just have a room to tinker in . . . brother, I'd love it."

A few months later, his tinkering paid off again, this time with the foolproof timing switch that permitted even an inexperienced technician

to operate an X-ray without danger to the patient. Your dentist still uses it today, whenever he X-rays your teeth.

X-ray work kept bringing Mr. Kearsley into hospitals, where he found himself constantly irritated by the mechanical backwardness of the equipment. One of his pet gripes was the standard hospital bed, the kind with two cranks at the foot, which the nurses turn to raise your head or lower your feet.

Millions of patients have been tortured by those beds, while waiting for a harried attendant to change the crank settings. Mr. Kearsley was the first one, however, to do anything about it. What he devised, like many another Kearsley gadget, was simplicity itself. Out went the handcranks and in went two small electric motors. With no more effort than it takes to ring for the nurse, the patient could raise or lower head or feet.

The same knack for spotting inconveniences that others take for granted led to his invention of a doctor call system that required no special wiring; it just plugged into the regular electric current network of the hospital. Next he tackled the problem of sterilizing surgical dressings without moistening them. His solution was to use a modification of the high-frequency induction machines that hospitals were already using—with Kearsley-invented controls—to bake the pain out of rheumatic joints.

ONE of his simplest and neatest gadgets got its start when his wife broke her leg. The surgeon set it, wrapped it in a heavy cast and let the bones knit in the usual fashion, with Mr. Kearsley hovering over every phase of the procedure like a nearsighted, walking question mark. But Bill blew his top when the time came to remove the cast and he found the medicos armed with a battery of shears, knives, mallets and tire tools.

"Is that the only way of taking it off?" he demanded.

"Never heard of any other," replied the surgeon, while interns and nurses smiled patronizingly.

"Well, just hold off for half an hour," Bill requested. Then he rushed out of the building and back to the lab. Picking up a length of thin steel wire and a key, he hurried back, slipped the wire between his wife's leg and the cast, tying the ends together on the outside. Then he wound up the wire on the key as if he were opening a coffee can. The wire sliced neatly through the plaster in a matter of seconds,



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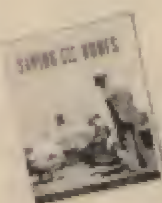
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without muss and fuss. Strangely enough, this is one of the very few Kearsley gadgets that has not achieved widespread usage.

Mr. Kearsley's inventive genius rests largely on his ability to think of a problem in its simplest terms; to see its relationship to other problems in widely divergent fields. When GE production men needed a high-speed method of curing and hardening rubber cable insulation, Bill provided the answer by modifying a high-frequency induction coil so that the spinning wire grew hot enough to heat and harden its own coating. It has saved millions of dollars in the past 20 years.

He applied the same principle to electronic cooking. Stoves based on Mr. Kearsley's early work in this field are now widely used to cook steaks in 30 seconds on trains and on such ships as the spanking new *United States*.

Once he was sent out of the plant to help another manufacturer develop a method of lining water mains with an anticorrosion coating. He worked for months, but didn't seem to get anywhere. Then, a couple of years later, GE needed

a better way of applying the interior coating to fluorescent tubes. Bill scratched his head, recalled some of his pipe-coating experiments and came up with an electrostatic depositing method that has been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to the lighting industry.

During the war, he went into seclusion on a hush-hush Air Corps project. Even his closest associates hadn't the slightest inkling of what it was about. One day, he turned to an old friend who bossed GE's packing and shipping division and asked him to make a cardboard box according to a sketch.

The chief packager looked at the crude drawing and then suspiciously at Bill himself. "That's a no-good box, Bill," he told him. "It will fall apart."

"Well, make me a sample, anyway," Mr. Kearsley replied with a grin.

A week later, Bill was back asking for a dozen more boxes. His friend took one look at his new sketch and decided that poor old Bill Kearsley had really gone off his trolley. "This design is even worse



Pigeon racing is a little known sport in America even though it has been followed here for more than 200 years. Today, this pastime claims 15,000 enthusiasts, such as Mr. Harold Saunders of Mamaroneck, N. Y., a bank officer by profession.

PIGEON RACING PASTIME

Mr. Saunders has hundreds of birds like the ones shown, and has won some of the nation's most coveted awards in the field.

From time to time he sells a well trained covey of pigeons to help defray the high cost of this lofty hobby.



THREE LIONS

than the first one," he screamed.

Yet Mr. Kearsley—after heeding the advice of others for years—strangely refused to listen. Soon he was back with an order for 1,000 boxes; then 1,000 more. Within a short time, GE was farming out orders for no-good boxes to package suppliers all over the eastern states.

Only after the war ended did Bill's long-puzzled friend discover the reason for his sudden lapse into incredibly bad designing. For Bill had devised a thing called the Kearsley Angel, a radar-reflecting kite that, dropped from our bombers, confused the Nazis into thinking the sky was full of planes and wasted their ack-ack in fruitless splutters against floating strips of aluminum foil. The no-good boxes were an essential part of the scheme.

They had to last just long enough to carry the "angels" past the slip stream of the plane that dropped them. Then, collapsing—as the shipping man had predicted they would—they freed the "angels" and permitted them to open out and bounce back the radar waves.

WHILE Bill's five decades of inspired tinkering have produced scores of such important products, the legends that surround him at Schenectady are largely concerned with his more whimsical, off-hours devices. For he has never been an eight-hour-a-day researcher; has never concentrated only upon the problems assigned to him. For Mr. Kearsley, everything from shaving to sleeping presents a challenge. No problem is ever beneath his dignity to tackle.

Perhaps that is why, over the past 50 years, so many of the headaches that the loftier, high-forehead boys couldn't solve, seem to have ended up in his lap. For a tenderhearted poultry farmer he devised a gimmick that ended the practice of slitting the chickens' throats. Instead, a belt ran the unsuspecting hens past two electrodes and laid them out in neat windrows. An oyster packer wanted a quicker way to open his bivalves. Bill replaced the shucking knife with another pair of electrodes and the oysters promptly popped open.

The Kearsley home is so heavily electrified, it practically glows in the dark. His wife, calling for him at the lab, presses a button on the dash of her car. It sends out a radio signal tuned to a receiver in Bill's office. Driving home, he has opened his garage for more than 20 years without getting out of the car. The

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same radio device activates the overhead doors.

His alarm clock is a time switch housed in his cellar, where its ticking won't disturb his sleep. It rings a bell, for only ten seconds, up in the bedroom; rings again, a few minutes later, if Bill doesn't get out of bed. And it carefully skips Sundays and holidays.

Quizzing his associates about him recently, I ventured to wonder how Mr. Kearsley—so successful an inventor despite his lack of formal education—might have fared had he won a string of degrees to tack after his name.

One old-timer gave me my come-uppance promptly. "Ever hear of Tom Edison, son?" he snorted. "He had only three months of school in all his lifetime."

Then, as an afterthought, he added, "Trouble with Bill Kearsley is, he was overeducated. Should of quit sooner. Would've got further."

Mr. Kearsley's lifetime sponsor and co-worker, Dr. Coolidge, doesn't go quite so far. "The head of any industrial research laboratory, nowadays," he says, "has to recruit most of his people from the great universities and technical schools. Research has gotten so complex that you've got to break up every big job and parcel it out among a whole team of specialists, from biochemists to atomic physicists. That tends to rule out the young fellows who have lots of old-fashioned Yankee mechanical genius but are short on formal training.

"But it's not all good, this way. There must be a lot of Bill Kearsleys around, if they could only get the chance that he, and others like him, got 40 and 50 years ago. For Bill has always had one quality that all too many of our best-educated researchers sometimes lack; that everlasting curiosity that keeps him asking himself, 'Can't I do this better?'"



Government by Default

(Continued from page 32)

be so, the experts add, when he and his associates at City Hall or the State House plug up the loopholes now preventing the extension of businesslike procedures through their offices and departments. There are many places to attack. They can throw out the duplication of effort, clear up the red tape and shave the layers of fat as starters.

One healthy sign in this direction was the switch last fall of nine more cities to the management form of operation. More than a third of the nation's municipalities with populations over 25,000 are now governed this way. And nearly one out of every three in the 10,000-25,000 class have swung over to it.

IN addition, a growing number of cities and states are turning to planning as a standard part of their normal undertakings. By relying on teams of technically qualified men and women, most any state or locality, for that matter, can find the answers to their pressing problems.

Tennessee's Planning Commission through its recommendations has saved the state "considerably more than its annual budget," Budget Director Robert G. Allison told a conference of southern planning officers before his recent death.

By dovetailing immediate and long-range projects, the Tennessee body has worked out a flock of formulas for maximum service at minimum cost.

"What most state and local officials ought to do," said one seasoned observer from the West, "is to take a close look at their setups. Then by a calm, unpolitical analysis they should figure out which nonessential items and jobs to eliminate and what padding can be pared without hurting the government's function. If sincere, they may succeed in giving the ordinary taxpayer a better job for his money. Who knows? They may even come up with a way to make local government jobs more appealing to good men by coating them with richer pay schedules.

"But don't look for too much at once," this wise man cautioned. "Our public officials around here, like in most places, are well intentioned, honest men. But, after all, how much wisdom and insight do you expect for \$4,500?"



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RINGWOOD IRON, AGED 212, GOING STRONG



FOR years visitors to the Ringwood Iron Mines of New Jersey found there a wealth of tradition, folklore and memories—everything but iron. The mines were long defunct. Tourists were the only stirrings of life until Col. Lewis Sanders arrived there not long ago. With a corps of 80 miners he began bringing nearly 500 tons of iron a day into circulation.

As Colonel Sanders puts it, Ringwood is at one and the same time the oldest and the newest working iron mine in America. "Here," he says in his quiet, classroom voice, "you enter the original mining district of the country. These mines were established in 1740—a pleasant legend for a letterhead. Yet in almost every sense the mines are new."

The colonel points to his chart in his office. Colored ribbons map the ore bodies at all 17 levels of the mine. "In the 212 years of Ringwood history," he says, "the mine never had a thorough physical examination. I have found more iron ore in the earth than was removed in the whole span of the mine's history from Baron Hasenclever's day to this."

Mention of the baron launches the colonel into one of the many little known episodes of Ringwood's history. Backed by King George III, Hasenclever built a city at Ringwood, complete with mines, forges, mills, dams and

surrounding farms. Finished in 1768, it was the most powerful economic unit of the time, and closely tied to the oppressive king. Like most adventurers, the baron had lavish tastes, and overshot the budget limits fixed by the king. He soon faded from public life.

Ringwood's next ironmaster was Robert Erskine, who threw the mines into full production for Washington's armies and the revolutionary cause.

"The products of these mines," the colonel says, "fill museums from coast to coast. The cannon and shot you see in the public squares were, likely as not, mined right here."

In 1853, Peter Cooper forged the first iron beams used in American buildings—out of Ringwood iron. His son-in-law, New York's Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, made the speediest delivery of the Civil War when he filled a rush order for General Grant in 30 days.

In the 1880's, however, Ringwood began to falter. Steel mills, using the new Bessemer process, turned to the better grades of ore available in Michigan and Minnesota. Finally, in 1931, the Ringwood mines closed.

Today, with the United States needing all the iron ore it can get, Ringwood's supply is in demand. With the new mills and equipment, the old holdings seem fully alive again.

—EDWARD DAVID

DUST IS MONEY

THE STUFF looks like drab dust, but to the trade it's called swarf. It arrives at the C. W. Danforth Company of Youngstown, Ohio, packed in cans, boxes and even barrels. The dust is diamond wheel grindings. Frequently it arrives in the form of a stiff and messy-looking goo—a way it got from liquids used as coolants on the diamond wheels. And sometimes the wheel dust is mixed with grindings from other metals and substances.

C. W. Danforth and his partner, W. P. Samuels, wave the magic wand of chemistry over the mixture. Presto! From roasting ovens and bubbling retorts comes a crystalline deposit which resembles salt. This is diamond dust—recovered by a secret process for a diamond-short industrial world.

Mr. Danforth specializes in diamond recovery from low grade swarf or sludge, as it might be termed. An analysis costing about \$60 is made of the sludge which is bought outright at a price corresponding to the richness of the material. Some firms prefer to have the stuff processed on a fee basis.

Mr. Danforth will process swarf that contains as little as one tenth of one per cent diamonds, though the average content is around a quarter of one per cent.

From a single pound of swarf may come as much as four carats of pure diamond dust. So successful is the Danforth method that its owner guarantees the recovered dust to be 99 per cent or better in purity. Mr. Danforth points out that government specifications demand a purity of 95 to 98 per cent. The recovered dust sells for the same price as the virgin product.

Dust is worth \$3.30 per carat. Nearly 10,000 carats of the sorely needed product are recovered monthly by the secret Danforth process. The dust is graded into 14 sizes ranging from grains as coarse as sand to motes finer than flour. It is the ability to remove even microscopic bits from the swarf that has made a national reputation for Mr. Danforth.

Seven years of experimentation went into the process. It takes about three months to relieve a half ton of swarf of its diamond value.

Mr. Danforth is convinced that diamond recovery, far from being a flash in the pan operation, is here to stay.—JOHN KRILL

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Thousand Dollar Fish

(Continued from page 42)

She ran back to the house in a flutter of starched skirts and was out again, clad in slacks and a windbreaker, with a colorful scarf around her throat and her hair caught up in a ribbon, before the men had finished getting their tackle aboard. She carried a wicker hamper, somebody's Christmas present they had never used. She handed it to Joe.

"A picnic," she said. "We'll make it a regular picnic."

THERE was a lilt to her voice that Joe had missed for too long. She never had looked prettier, Joe told himself.

Lou and Francie sat close together in the stern. Nicholls came forward.

"Think we're going to hit them today, Captain?" he asked.

"Hope so," Joe answered. "Weather's all right."

"Good." The *Merry Gal* left the channel and moved out into the bay. "I've got high hopes of hanging a big one today, Captain."

"There are some big ones out there," Joe said.

"A real big one," Nicholls said. "You see, this friend of mine and I have a standing bet on who brings home the biggest rock every year. He's beaten me for three years straight. I want to take him this year. It's worth quite a lot of money to me to take him but more important than the money, I want my turn to crow over him."

"We'll see what we can do, Mr. Nicholls."

"He beat me last year with one that weighed 24 pounds."

Joe didn't say anything. It wasn't any of his business if other people kept rock that were nine pounds over the limit, so long as they didn't keep them on his boat.

"He's got one now that runs 13 pounds," Nicholls said.

"Maybe we'll get you a 14-pound, 15-ounce fish," Joe said, and Nicholls laughed.

The baby whitecaps raced each other toward the Eastern Shore. A low-lying ore boat ploughed stolidly north toward Sparrows Point, flying a wavering pennant of smoke from her funnel. The *Merry Gal* turned into the wake of the ore boat, curtsied gracefully before rounding back onto her course to the southeast.

It was the sunny sort of morning Joe Freeman ordinarily would have gulped deeply as an anodyne

for all the worries, the doubts, the fears that crowded in on him when he was ashore. It was not that he forgot Francie's discontent or the notes due on the *Merry Gal* when he was on the bay, but the feel of the wheel in his hands, the thrum of the engine, the smell of salt water, could reassure him, tell him that he could beat these problems.

Today, even the bay failed him. Francie was still in the stern with Remick and he could hear them laughing.

"You rigged up?" he asked Nicholls. "We'll be putting over in a few minutes."

Nicholls went aft and Joe, looking back, saw the two men bend over their tackle boxes while Francie came up to where he was sit-

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ting on the high stool by the controls.

"This is fun, Joe," she said. "I'm enjoying this."

Devil's pitchfork prodded him.

"Enjoying the trip or Lou Remick?" he asked. He kept his eyes straight ahead as she turned quickly to look at him.

"The trip," she said, after a pause. "And it's nice to see Lou again. He's—"

"I know what he is," Joe broke in with smothered venom.

"Joe, please."

"Why did it have to be him you wanted to go out with?" he asked her, turning her way. "Why didn't you ever ask me to take you out with any other party? Did you and Lou Remick fix this up between you?"

She turned away without answering. Her teeth caught her lower lip as she went down the companionway into the cabin.

Nicholls was beside him again.

"Drone or bucktail, Captain?" he asked. "And how much weight?"

Joe cut the engine until the *Merry Gal* barely made headway.

"Eels," he said, briefly. "I'll rig you up." Leave it to me, he added, silently and bitterly; I may not know how to treat my wife but I can fix a trolling rig.

"Where'd Francie go?" Remick asked from the stern.

"Below," Joe said, without looking up from his work.

"Not seasick, I hope," Lou laughed. "Not in this weather."

"No," Joe said. Not seasick; sick of me, he thought. He fixed the two rigs and put them over the side. "Light drag," he told the two men. "Don't try to horse anything that feels big."

"You going to fish?" Nicholls asked.

"Not yet," Joe said. "Later, maybe."

"How about Francie?" Remick asked. "Maybe she'd like to put a line over."

"I don't think so," Joe said, and added, "but you can ask her."

Remick put the butt of his rod in the socket and went below. It seemed to Joe that he was gone a long time before he came up with Francie.

"Will you fix me a line, please?" she asked Joe, as though she were a member of Nicholls' party, a stranger. "Lou and Mr. Nicholls said I could fish."

"Sure, sure," Nicholls said, from his chair. "Come ahead, Mrs. Freeman."

Joe fixed a third rig and Lou took it from him.

"Now we'll show 'em, eh, Francie?" he said.

Joe watched them go aft. He saw Francie stumble over the edge of the engine hatch and he saw Nicholls's hand at her waist, steadying her.

He turned back to peer through the windshield, trying to forget everything except that he was there to find fish.

MOST of the other boats that were out were working the inner edge of Brickhouse Bar where fish had been caught the previous day. The gulls were quiet, signaling no fish.

He edged the *Merry Gal* over to the outer rim of the bar and began a wide turn. He had just completed it when Francie hung a fish. A big fish.

Joe heard her squeal. Francie's rod was bent in a vibrating arc and the reel was whining. The fish was cutting to the left, toward Nicholls, and the older man was reeling frantically to clear his line. Remick was bending over Francie's shoulder yelling advice. Joe threw the engine out of gear and went aft to

stand behind Francie's chair, watching his wife struggle with the bucking rod.

After a moment he leaned forward to take the line just above the first guide and draw back on it carefully, let it out again.

"Ease up on your drag," he told her.

"Man, you're crazy!" cried Lou. "That drag's not too tight! The fish will shake the hook on a loose drag!"

"Ease up on your drag," Joe told Francie again.

She looked at him over her shoulder and her mouth was set in lines Joe had never seen before.

"You want me to lose this fish, don't you?" she asked. "You didn't want me along and now you don't want me to catch a fish. Well, this once, I'm doing what I want to do!"

"Francie, honey," Joe said, desperately, "I only—"

THAT was as far as he got. There was a ping as the line parted. The fish was gone. Francie gave a cry. Nicholls grunted. Lou cursed.

"You see?" Joe asked.

"Well, no wonder," Remick said, disgustedly. "If you'd let her alone instead of getting her all mixed up like that she could have held that fish. No wonder she lost it."

"And you—" Joe started, and checked himself.

He took Francie's rod and started back toward the tackle box to rig it again.

"Maybe it's just as well," he told Francie. "That fish would have run 25 or 30 pounds."

"All the more reason—" Lou began.

"And I don't take fish over the limit," Joe kept on.

"I'll bet you don't," Remick sneered.

After a brief silence Nicholls spoke.

"I hope I don't hang one that runs more than 15 pounds, Captain," he said, quietly.

"Some folks," Joe returned, "get a kick out of playing a big fish."

"And then letting it go," Lou jeered.

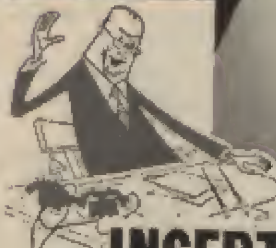
"And then letting it go," Joe nodded.

Nicholls said quietly, "I don't happen to be one of those folks."

Joe shrugged and kept on rigging Francie's line. She looked up at him as he handed her the rod and the chill in her eyes struck at him. He went back to the controls and put up the speed a couple of notches.

Francie's eyes had told him the story. He had hurt her when she had been so happy and then, as she would always believe, had

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twisted the knife by making her lose that big fish.

There was nothing he could say, nothing he could do to—

"I'm on!" yelled Nicholls.

Joe automatically cut the engine. It was hard to believe that two big fish should be hooked within a matter of minutes, but there it was.

He knew at first glance that this rock was bigger than Francie's; the surge and buckle of the rod, the grudging give of the tightly dragged reel told him that this fish was huge. Another glance showed him that Nicholls was going to bring it to boat; he was a fisherman who knew when to let the rock run, when to snub check its dash, when to take up line. It would take time, but Joe knew the rock was going to be caught.

"Bring him in, Boss!" Lou coaxed. "Bring in the big winner."

"I intend to," said Nicholls, grimly.

"Boy, will Andrews turn green when he sees this baby," Lou cried. "A thousand bucks—wow!"

A THOUSAND dollars? Nicholls had mentioned a bet. A thousand dollars riding on a fish that couldn't win because it couldn't be kept as proof.

"Captain," said Nicholls, his eyes still on the line, "you can look the other way when I bring this fish in. You don't have to know anything about it. I'll take all the responsibility."

"Look, Mr. Nicholls," Joe said, evenly. "I didn't make the 15-pound law. I don't even agree with it. People anywhere else but in Maryland can catch them as big as they come but we have to let all

the rock bigger than 15 pounds go. They say they're breeders and this is their breeding ground and maybe they're right. I don't know about that.

"But I know the law says no fish more than 15 pounds and I go by the law."

"A noble attitude," Nicholls said, "but it doesn't apply in this case, Captain. I've got a thousand dollars and the satisfaction of making up for those three years Andrews rode me, right there at the end of my line. I don't intend to throw it away."

"I hate to say it," Joe said, "but I'm afraid you'll have to."

"Nuts!" Remick snorted. "You were hired to take us fishing, Freeman, not to worry about a law you admit is wrong."

"A law's a law," Joe said, stubbornly, "until they take it off the books."

"And the man who doesn't cut a corner once in awhile is a dope," Lou said.

Francie was staring at them, a strained expression on her face.

Joe was struggling to keep his voice down, his body from trembling with anger.

"Get the gaff, Lou," Nicholls called, dispassionately.

"Listen, please!" Joe said. "I'm sorry about your thousand dollars, Mr. Nicholls, but I'm losing a lot more."

"I don't want any lectures," Nicholls said, bluntly.

"I could look the other way, sure," Joe went on. "I could get that fish ashore for you and nobody would ever know it. From the way you talk, Mr. Nicholls, it probably would mean a nice tip—"

"So that's it!" Remick barked. "The guy wants a cut, Boss."

"A hundred dollars," Nicholls said.

Joe made a motion with one hand.

"A million wouldn't be enough," he said. "I'm crazy but"—the words, where were the words?—"but I'm the sort of a dope that thinks that these days it's little things like this that make a big difference in everything."

"Little things!" Remick screamed. "A thousand bucks!"

"It's a lot of money," Joe said, "but I said I'd live by the laws out here on the bay and I've got to hang onto—everybody's got to hold onto his—his honesty—his—his—"

"Integrity," said Francie.

"Integrity," Joe nodded. "A man has to hold onto that even if it costs him a big tip."

REMICK started to push past Joe on his way to the brackets that held the gaff.

"Get out of my way," he said.

Joe didn't mean to hit Remick as hard as he did; he meant to keep him from reaching the gaff but he didn't mean to dump him on the cockpit deck.

Remick scrambled to his feet and lunged forward but by that time Joe had the gaff hook at his side, hanging loosely.

"Don't try it," he said. "Francie, take the wheel."

She showed no hesitation. She slipped past Remick and went to the controls and at the same time Nicholls reached over the side, heaved, and brought a flapping mass of black-streaked silver thumping up onto the deck. He straightened and looked at Joe.

"Well," he said, in that same, measured voice, "I boated it like I told you I would. What are you going to do now, Captain? Wrestle it away from the two of us and fling it over the side?"

"Why, no," Joe said. "I couldn't do that without laying you both out with this gaff and that wouldn't be so good for business, would it?"

"I don't think it would," Nicholls said, carefully.

"So I'm going to have Francie head for the warden's boat, down by Bloody Point," Joe said. "They'll know what to do."

Nicholls looked down at the fish, then back at Joe. He ran a thumb up and down the side of his chin.

"I don't suppose offering you five hundred dollars would interest you, would it?" he asked.

"I told you about that," Joe growled.

"Look, Boss," Remick said, "I



didn't know this guy was a crackpot or I wouldn't have—"

"Oh, quiet!" Nicholls interrupted. "This man has integrity. Pretty rare stuff these days, so rare I don't know how to deal with it. Except—except going along with him."

He looked down at the fish again and up at Joe.

"Would it be all right with you if I weighed it?" he asked. "Before I throw it back, I mean."

Then, a moment later, as the scales pointer sagged, he groaned.

"Forty pounds, three ounces," he said, "and Andrews will never believe me."

He carefully disengaged the scale hook, hoisted the rock in both arms and dumped the fish over the side. Joe relaxed.

"I sure am sorry," he said. "And thanks, Mr. Nicholls."

"Thanks, he says," Remick muttered. Nobody paid any attention.

"I've got an idea," Francie said, from the wheel. "If we wrote out a statement that you caught a 40-pound fish and threw it back and we all signed it, wouldn't Mr. Andrews be convinced you won?"

"Not so convinced that he'd pay off the bet," Nicholls said, and a smile broke through the set of his tanned face, "but he certainly would be impressed. It would be quite something to impress Andrews that way—quite something. That's what we'll do."

HE looked at Francie and his eyes crinkled at the corners.

"I've got an idea, too," he said. "You told us you were lonesome with your husband away all day. Why not convince him it would be good business and a lot more companionship for you two if you went along every now and then when the party included ladies? My wife, for instance, likes to fish but she won't go out as the only woman aboard. There must be plenty of others in the same fix. Captain, you could advertise that you have a hostess aboard for women passengers. You could—"

He broke off and laughed.

"You knew I was in the advertising business, didn't you?" he asked. "Don't get me started on promotion possibilities."

Joe looked at Francie and warmed to her smile. The idea of having her along on trips would solve a lot of things.

They looked at each other until Nicholls chuckled.

"Break it up, you two," he said. "We've got to get busy and catch me another thousand dollar fish. A 14-pound, 15-ounce one, this time."

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READING QUIZ ON PAGE 86

Have some fun with Katharine and Henry F. Pringle's article about what is being done today to speed up reading and comprehension, and find out how fast your own reading is. It's another interesting feature in

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Children of all ages are brought to the clinic for treatment of speech difficulties

Speech for the Silent

(Continued from page 35)

The Institute still is supported largely by private funds. It gets annual appropriations of \$100,000 from Kansas, \$25,000 from the Wichita Community Chest and \$30,000 from the Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority, but the bulk of the remainder comes from individuals and corporations. Only 20 per cent of the overhead is met by fees.

"If we charged everyone the full cost of treatment, only the very wealthy could afford it," Dr. Palmer says. "It's a terribly long, expensive pull with a child suffering from cerebral palsy, aphasia or deafness. Speech handicaps are only a part of our work. We also take care of the physical rehabilitation and education of children in residence. The tuition, including board, for a cerebral palsy child is \$300 a month, which is a tragic burden on even upper middle-class families. Some parents make heartbreaking sacrifices to send their children here, but even more depressing to me are the 400 kids on our waiting list—and they represent a negligible fraction of those in desperate need of help.

"It drives me wild to keep those children waiting because early treatment is of vital importance in speech disorders. That goes for adults who have lost their speech due to strokes or operations for cancer of the larynx. We've had children less than a year old, and we've been glad to get them. A child who can't ask questions about the

strange, fascinating world about him is saddled with frustrations that leave psychological scars which may never be eliminated. Some people still believe children who can't speak or hear don't know what they're missing. That's utter nonsense. Kids realize they're 'odd' from the reactions around them and if they're not helped they develop odd patterns of behavior."

It is significant that personality and behavior problems disappear among the children in residence as they learn to speak. Some cases demand saintly patience on the part of the teachers, who are passionately devoted to their jobs.

An aphasiac child, for example, is extremely rigid regarding time and space. A deviation of five minutes in the daily routine or the rearrangement of a piece of furniture in a room will set back his training.

For that reason, Dr. Palmer was particularly anxious to provide living accommodations at the Institute to enable parents and housemothers to supplement the training given the children in the classroom. There are 160 attractively furnished two-bedroom apartments for that purpose and if parents are unable to move to Wichita an out-of-town youngster is assigned to a trained housemother, who takes care of three children suffering from the same affliction.

"These children need lots of love and security," says Mrs. Felice

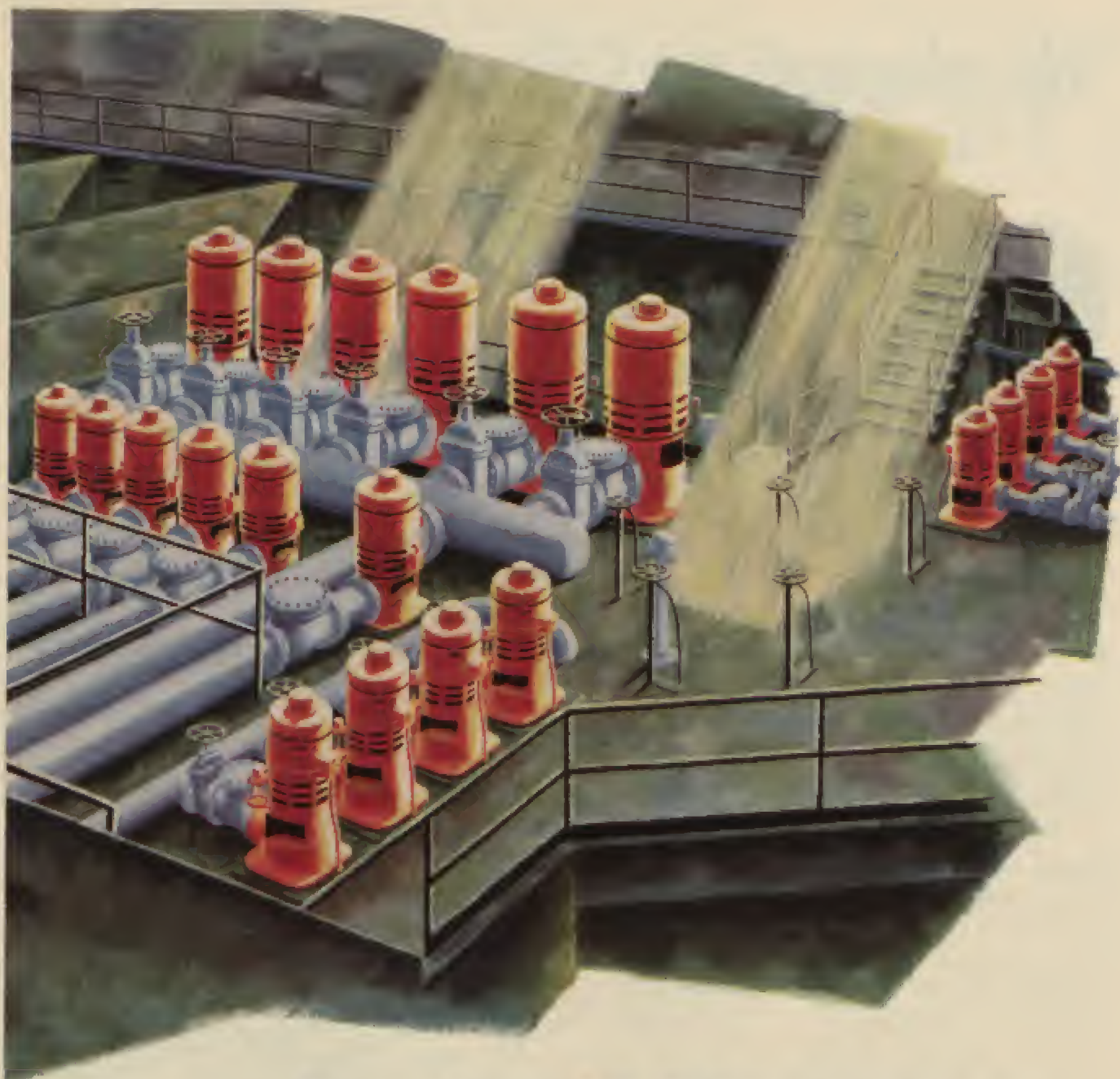
Eytchison, a former schoolteacher who is working as a housemother to help pay for her aphasiac son's tuition. "They must be taught everything, even how to play. Most of them never had friends before they came to the Institute because other kids made fun of them or could not communicate with them. Although they require a good deal of help and supervision, especially the cerebral palsy children, we try not to overprotect them. We're preparing them to live in a normal environment where they can be self-sufficient."

Since 1934, the Institute has examined more than 12,500 children and adults with speech handicaps and nearly all those accepted for treatment—about 90 per cent—have made definite progress in correcting their defects. "The other ten per cent were, unfortunately, mental deficient or people who needed extensive psychiatric help," Dr. Palmer says. "I want to make it clear that we are not a custodial institution for the mentally deficient or a school for retarded children. To be accepted, an individual must have a speech defect and his or her case must show good possibilities for developing self-sufficiency."

The actual corrective work with speech disorders is such an intensive process that a child gets only one half-hour lesson on alternate days. The rest of the time is spent on physical therapy, academic subjects and adjustment of social patterns. All speech training is done individually in rooms equipped with two-way mirrors so that students and observers can watch the lessons without the child's knowledge.

Although Dr. Palmer once cleared up a case of dysphonia in 15 minutes—a man who spoke in a falsetto had strained his vocal chords at a basketball game years before—he warns parents of young patients that they are in for a long siege. It may take from four to six years before a spastic, aphasiac or deaf youngster can take his place in public school. Articulatory defects require on the average of ten months' work. A child born with a cleft palate needs about six months of speech training after surgery or being fitted with a dental appliance. Stuttering involves from six months to two years of remedial work.

Methods for coping with the different speech disorders vary, of course, but one technique is used in all cases. Constant encouragement is showered on the kids. In the early phases the teacher takes



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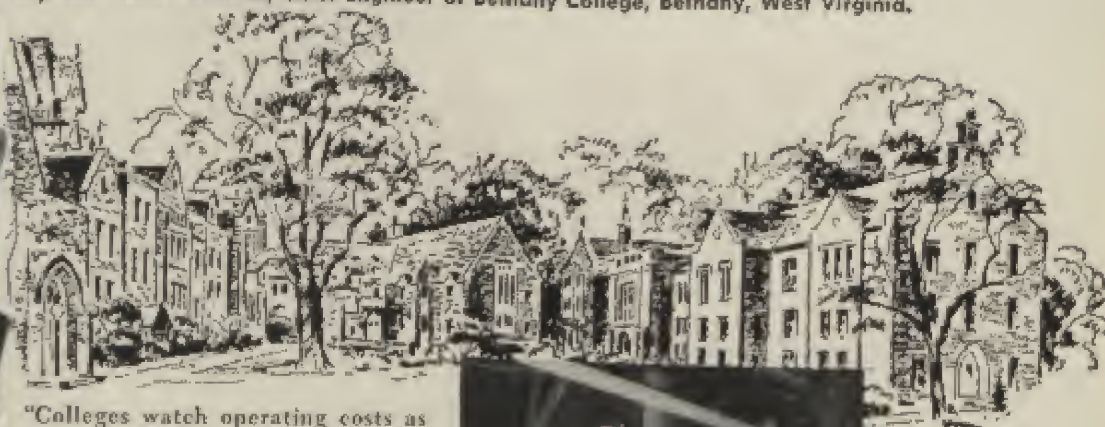
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time out to praise extravagantly a child who repeats the simplest word.

The entire staff, including office personnel, acts as though the Institute just received a gift of \$100,000 when a youngster finally cracks the wall of silence that isolates him from the world.

"You must go very slowly with these kids at the start because they're disturbed emotionally," Dr. Palmer explains. "They have difficulty concentrating for an appreciable period of time and you're licked if you don't have their full cooperation. They must think that speech therapy is fun. The moment they suspect you're working on them, instead of with them, they freeze up. The most important factor in the process is establishing a good relationship between the teacher and the child. No progress can be made without it. That's why it's so vital to have a teacher-training program in conjunction with the corrective work."

According to Dr. Palmer, 20,000 speech teachers are needed in the United States and, at the most generous estimate, no more than 1,500 have the proper training. There are 80 students taking the required year of postgraduate work at the Institute and some 30 other colleges now offer comparable professional courses, but the shortage of competent teachers will remain acute for many years to come.

Despite the lack of money for research, Dr. Palmer and his associates have made several major contributions to logopedics. Extensive study of case histories indicates that an infant born with a "constellation" of three symptoms—difficulty in breathing and sucking and yellow jaundice—has only one chance in 1,315 of escaping cerebral palsy. This is of invaluable importance in alerting parents and pediatricians to the need for early treatment of the affliction. It also has been found that babies who are nursed, rather than bottle-fed, have fewer articulatory defects.

Stuttering is a common impediment as old as history—Moses probably suffered from it—but the causes and cure still are speculative. Statistics of the past 100 years show that the incidence has held steady at one per cent of the population and that it is three times more frequent among males. It has been found in every civilized society and among nearly all primitive tribes except the Navajo, Shoshone and Bannock Indians, but no one can explain the Indians' apparent immunity. Stuttering

rarely develops after puberty and it is almost impossible to eradicate it once victims reach maturity. Distractive techniques such as waving the arms, snapping the fingers and speaking in a singsong monotone—nobody ever stutters when singing—bring temporary relief, but permanent cures seldom are effected by such methods.

An old theory holds that forcing a left-handed child to use the right hand causes stuttering, but research is conflicting on that point. If the change is made slowly and without undue demands, no dislocation results. Dr. Palmer advises parents to keep on the safe side and make no attempt to switch natural southpaws.

One lead that merits further investigation is the fact that diabetics never stutter, which suggests that the impediment may be related to a chemical change in the body. That also could account for the increase in stuttering when people are drunk and enraged, but Dr. Palmer again admits there are too many exceptions. He leans to the belief that the pressures overzealous parents put on children between the ages of two and four, when they are beginning to speak in sentences, is a basic cause of stuttering.

Much remains to be learned before speech handicaps can be conquered, but the Institute constantly achieves results that are more dramatic—and authentic—than the miracles attributed to religious shrines.

A few weeks ago a beaming mother burst into Dr. Palmer's office with her five-year-old son, an aphasiac who was glowering and



sullen—like any kid who had just been bawled out. Dr. Palmer's curiosity was piqued. The kids usually are effervescent and the mothers reflect the worry and the heartache of their children's afflictions.

"I just did a terrible thing," the mother told Dr. Palmer, "but you can't imagine what a satisfaction it was to me. Something used to shrivel up and die inside me when I heard other mothers complain about the incessant babbling of their children. I prayed for the day my baby could talk. Well, today I had to tell him to shut up. He was talking my ear off!"

What are the Facts about rainmaking?

Q. Can we increase rainfall?

A. Yes, when cloud conditions are favorable we can definitely increase rainfall.

Q. How do we increase rainfall?

A. Raindrops need a small particle on which to condense. In nature, ice crystals do the job. However, many clouds extend high into the sky, below freezing, and water vapor exists, lacking enough ice crystals. These are called supercooled clouds. By shooting silver iodide (which has many of the characteristics of natural ice crystals) into these clouds, we can trick the supercooled water vapor to condense. This rainmaking process is known as "cloud seeding." There are also other methods of tricking nature into releasing her water vapors.

Q. How much can we increase rainfall?

A. Qualitative analysis can be made giving an indication of the range of success. However, to state exact, definite percentages of increase would be misleading.

Q. How much does rainmaking cost?

A. Costs vary, of course, but in most cases, the cost is very small when pro-rated over the large area covered and when compared to the value of the increased rainfall.

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America's Third Migration

(Continued from page 39)

for wheel chairs. Many other Florida towns have populations in which older people predominate.

The original Florida boom busted, but the true vitality of the third trek is proved by the current resurgence of Florida growth. The Florida portion of the third trek spans everything from the country's largest trailer camp covering 40 acres in Bradenton to one of the most exclusive winter resorts in America, Hobe Sound, where even multimillions are no guarantee of admittance.

Florida is not the only mecca for oldsters. California has its share.

And the third trek is much more than old folks. They may have led the trek but other, more powerful forces, have overtaken them. Today the movement to the sun is the gallop of industry, of agriculture and of young hopefuls.

THE country as a whole will benefit from this. In the first place, the shift is draining off numbers that otherwise would add to the population pressures in already crowded older areas. In the second, it is creating a new set of opportunities and techniques. The businesses which the trek is creating will be supplementary to—rather than substitutes for—established businesses in other places.

The reason is that the trek plus the great amounts of leisure time that modern technology allows have combined to create what I call the Second Life. This is both an effect and a cause of the movement.

For example: There are 8,760 hours in a year. Forty years ago the average worker spent about 3,200 of these hours at hard, physical work. Today, hours spent at work total only about 1,800 to 1,500 a year—and most work is less tiring. At the end of the five-day week, the two-day and three-night week end waits for almost everyone.

Now, when this tremendous increase in leisure time is spent in a climate like that of California, Texas or Florida, which is both sunny and mild, a new set of human needs is created and a number of new industries grow up to satisfy them.

Notable among these is the new garment industry. California sportswear—a direct outgrowth of the third trek—was the first to create a new market far from Man-

hattan's Seventh Avenue. Now we have the Dallas and New Orleans and Florida markets, too, all of them setting new styles—a reflection of the Second Life.

Another result of the Second Life is the ranch house. This strictly California invention—designed to take full advantage of sun and air and view in a climate where heating is no problem—has spread as far north as Maine.

The production of sportswear and ranch houses are two cultural manifestations of the third trek which have given birth to new local industries. In addition, the informal type of living that the gentle climate inspires has sparked a wide range of products from house furnishings to easily prepared foods.

This is a feature of the trek that attracts others to join.

This whole movement is possible because of the development of new sources of power and of raw materials, and the economies in locating near new and growing markets.

It is certainly no news that heavy industry was first located nearest the centers of the heaviest raw materials and coal: Pittsburgh, Birmingham, Detroit.



But when oil was discovered in California and Texas, many industries such as airplane and shipbuilding mushroomed on the West Coast. The war needs spurred this growth. Having found that it could operate anywhere, why did so much industry look southward? Markets and materials head any list of reasons, but here are three others:

1. In a milder climate, buildings need not be as heavy or expensively constructed as in the North. Heating costs are lower.

2. There is a large reservoir of labor. As southern agriculture is mechanized—especially by such inventions as the cotton picker—huge numbers of farm workers are available to industry.

3. Many southern states are offering tax exemption and other financial inducements to bring in new industry.

For these and other reasons, cities like Jackson, Miss., have had

tremendous industrial growth. Jackson has grown from about 22,000 people in 1920 to more than 100,000 in 1952. Twenty-eight major plants have started there since the war.

This kind of thing is echoed in other southern states. Florida has a large phosphate mining industry, producing 77 per cent of the country's total supply—and an enterprising press agent has used the huge mountains of sand left over from the mines to start a new tourist sport—sand skiing. Also newly common in the South are plants producing heavy transportation equipment, chemical manufacturing, and, of course, a continuing expansion of textile mills.

THE southern industrial boom is partly a result of agricultural prosperity.

There was a time, not long ago, when Iowa had by far the largest farm income. But in 1948, California took the leadership with Texas a close third, right behind Iowa. California even competes with southern states as in the raising of cotton on irrigated land, growers harvesting 650 to 800 pounds of cotton per acre. Meanwhile, Florida is making its bid in cattle farming, threatening to take the play away from its southwestern rivals. On land cleared of restricting growths and deadly ticks, Florida is raising a new kind of dairy cattle; and its ranges offer rich pastures for year-round grazing and fattening of beef cattle. Cowboys are now as indigenously Floridian as the water skiers of Cypress Gardens.

All of these facts are cited to prove that the third trek exists, that it is a powerful economic force. But as with any new mass movement, the trek also brings with it a host of new problems—in the solution of which is further reason for expansion and continuance of the movement itself.

The two largest problems are water and power.

California's population has nearly doubled in the past 12 years, and its industrial and agricultural output have expanded. All of these factors are completely dependent on water, and it is common knowledge that California has been suffering for years from a water problem.

But this is only a temporary thing. When projects now under way are completed, California will have a total of 16,600,000 acre-feet of irrigation for 6,580,000 acres. The presently irrigated land will have plenty of water, and 3,000,000 pre-

viously arid acres will be reclaimed for agriculture.

In addition, the projects will produce a total of 8,100,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electricity annually.

Another potential source of water is the Pacific Ocean. Already, it is possible to manufacture fresh water from this source at a cost approaching economical usage. A new process—ion exchange—may provide the final key; or atomic power may also unlock this source of fresh water.

We have the word of Mr. Walker L. Cislser, president of the Detroit Edison Company, that there is plenty of uranium for power.

At present only the cost of constructing a plant to turn this energy into electricity at a competitive price stands between us and the commercial use of atomic energy. Dr. Charles A. Thomas, president of Monsanto Chemical Company, predicts this problem will be solved within a few years.

When atomic power is commercially available it will make the South and Southwest even more a mecca for industry and for better living—another reason why the trek will carry on.

THE social and cultural changes which will reshape the country as the result of the movement have been touched on only lightly here.

Equally important for the future are the political changes. As states like Florida and California gallop ahead in population growth there must be a reapportionment of representation in Congress. Not that the northern states will lose population—but the percentages will shift more and more in favor of those states growing faster than the rest of the country.

The trek toward the sun also means a trend toward suburbanization and decentralization; toward the drive-in theater and the motel and the country shopping center and the factories built in agricultural areas. It means increasingly the problem of what to do with the preponderance of old folks who flock South and West. California has had only the first bitter taste of this problem.

The movement means a great and continuing boom in air-conditioning equipment, both for factories and for homes. But let us not try too hard to anticipate what the trek will do. It is enough to know that there is such a migration; and that it will provide one of the strongest dynamics for an expanding economy and better standard of living for now and for the future.

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Estimates vary as to the average reading speed of adults. Some experts place the figure at 150 words per minute, others say 300 is average. Most good readers can accomplish about 250 with good comprehension. Very good readers can reach 500, and exceptional readers have accomplished twice that in timed tests on light fiction. This article tells what is being done today to help speed up reading and comprehension.

ALL OVER the country people are learning to read—that is, read faster and still grasp the meaning. Their ages range from six to more than 60. They are taught at special clinics, institutes or centers, many of them attached to universities. The pupils discover, often to their astonishment, that they have remarkable latent ability to master the printed word. In the process of learning, both young and old have a lot of fun and the door is opened to richer living.

Time yourself in reading this

By KATHARINE AND HENRY F. PRINGLE

This is the age of the printed word. The words pour from the printing presses, typewriters and duplicating machines. The deluge is overwhelming.

A few months ago a business executive in his 40's appeared at the Reading Institute on West 12th Street in New York City. The school is an adjunct of New York University.

"What I need," he said, "is rehabilitation. I want you to save my marriage and my home."

The girl who gave the preliminary interview first wondered if the applicant thought he was in the university's psychiatric department.

"Rehabilitation," repeated the visitor firmly. "I've got to get on top of my paper work."

Then he told a not unfamiliar story. His office was downtown, his home in a suburb. When he got off the train at night his wife would meet him at the station.

"Can't we go to a movie tonight, or maybe play bridge with the

Joneses?" she often asked wistfully.

"My dear," he always said, "look at this brief case of mine. I have to get through it before I go to town in the morning."

Sometimes, the worried executive went on, his teen-age son needed help with a history assignment. "Do your own reading, son," was papa's invariable answer. "I've enough of my own to keep me busy till midnight."

A sympathetic member of the Reading Institute's staff diagnosed the ailment as "briefcaseitis," a common complaint in this day. In ten weeks of taking three night classes a week the businessman had greatly accelerated his reading speed.

More important, he had increased his comprehension of what he read. He had learned that not every word in a sentence is important. He had been taught to see phrases, instead of one slow word at a time. He also learned how to spot key sentences and how to



skim. Thus he was able to take his wife out in the evening. The men and women who teach reading at N.Y.U. make no claim to being marriage counselors. But they were gratified, just the same, by such results.

A variety of people can be found enrolled at the schools. Besides businessmen, they include doctors, lawyers and engineers. One student at the N.Y.U. institute was an artist who had been commissioned to paint a series of historical murals. He could not fulfill his contract on time unless he could read the background material a lot faster.

An unusual case, also at N.Y.U., was a pretty blonde who noted on her application that she was a fashion model. The staff wondered why she had to read at all. Models, she explained crisply, are retired at an early age. She wanted to be a designer and was trying to learn something of the history of feminine clothes. It took her hours to get through one chapter of a book.

EQUALLY exceptional was a weather forecaster who had a problem with an advanced course in meteorology. He needed to speed up his comprehension of mathematics and physics.

Before such an applicant is accepted, he is tested for possible eyesight or hearing defects and for specific reading difficulties. If the interview reveals an emotional problem, consultation with a psychiatrist is suggested. An important part of these preliminaries is to find out how large a vocabulary the candidate has. Failure to grasp the exact meaning of words is a frequent cause of poor reading.

Age is not as important as might be supposed in the correction of reading faults—an encouraging thought for older folk. Insurance brokers or advertising men can be taught in the same way as boys and girls about to enter college.

At the Remedial Education Center in Washington, D. C., the first hour is devoted to vocabulary drill. The teacher emphasizes shades of meaning. What is the difference between criminal and delinquent, immature and callow, venerable and senile? Next the teacher passes out copies of a brief essay. The class is given two minutes to read it before being tested on its contents.

Reading experts have developed a number of mechanical devices for speeding up reading rates. They include a gadget bearing the tongue-twisting name of tachistoscope—more simply known as a

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T-scope, or flashmeter. It flashes words on a screen for a measured time. For individual practice there are desk-sized T-scopes with small screens.

At the Washington center teachers use such gadgets to test recognition time for words like bilateral, bicycle, biennial, binoculars. Next, phrases are flashed on the screen: policy committee, labor-management relations, full employment. When the boys and girls prove that they can catch these fleeting impressions accurately, the instructors go on to newspaper headlines.

Another gadget is the reading rate accelerator, with which the student practices by himself. When a printed page is inserted into the machine, a panel, adjustable to different speeds, slides down over one line at a time, preventing the reader's eye from wandering back over what he has already read.

A third device is the reading film, which Harvard and Iowa University educators have worked out. An essay or article is projected on a screen, with one phrase at a time appearing and quickly vanishing, to train the reader's eye to move along. Then, as always, comes a test for comprehension.

TEACHERS at the Washington center emphasize that while such machines are useful, they are merely crutches. The student must learn to do without them, to continue his newly learned good habits after finishing the course.

Some children—and adults too—have an emotional block about books. They may double their reading speed on the films, because these seem fresh and new. But when confronted with an ordinary printed page, they will sometimes slump back to their old, plodding rates. Yet many such persons make extraordinary progress.

One lad raised his reading rate from 120 to 270 words a minute and his mastery of the content from 30 to 50 per cent in seven three-hour sessions. Adults who thought they already read as fast as they possibly could have been known to increase their speed tremendously.

A night class, mostly for businessmen, at N.Y.U.'s Reading Institute is conducted along similar lines. Paul D. Leedy, the teacher, begins the two-hour sessions by saying:

"The average person has never been taught efficiently; if he's slow it probably isn't his fault at all."

Then he warns against "fixed habits," and suggests that "most of you hate to form new habits."

Mr. Leedy hands out books with



pages of related words and tells students to underline the connected ones, such as violence and explosion. They are allowed 25 seconds for each assortment. At first few finish more than a small fraction of the experiments. Yet in half an hour it is obvious that perception is improving.

Under the guidance of Dr. Nila B. Smith, its director, the N.Y.U. Institute offers a wide range of courses for people of all ages. There are summer sessions, both day and night, and similar courses during the college year. New York business, industrial and financial leaders are increasingly aware of the gains that are possible, for nearly all of the classes are filled to capacity.

Members of the Federal Reserve Bank staff often are assigned for training. From other banks come girls whose job it is to feed checks into accounting machines. They are taught to recognize instantly the clearinghouse and other pertinent numbers on the checks. They learn to improve the rate of their work.

There are unusual cases also. One of these was a Havana manufacturer who flew to New York weekly from Cuba for two or more lessons in reading English. He was well pleased with his progress.

Several courses specially geared to industry's needs have been started. One of these aims to improve the reading habits of foremen, supervisors and superintendents. Each registrant is placed in a group with others in his same field of work. Along with speeding up his reading rate, he learns a minimal industrial vocabulary. These classes are held two nights a week for 15 weeks. The purpose is to develop men who can qualify for managerial posts.

The N.Y.U. institute offers other courses for business and professional personnel. Stress is placed on the type of reading likely to be demanded of the student as his career progresses. He is trained in

quick mastery of economic reports, financial letters, the unending flood of government documents, newspapers and magazines.

Lawyers and engineers, incidentally, seem to suffer to a marked degree from inability to read fast enough. The reading experts are puzzled by this phenomenon.

N.Y.U. also gives a course which prepares industrial personnel to teach efficient reading within their own plants. Students learn how to use the T-scope and other machines for instructional purposes.

But reading should not be merely a path to a better job and a higher salary. It should also be plain fun.

To a certain extent, but not wholly so, the science whereby older people are being guided to faster and more enjoyable reading grew out of remedial work with school children. It is still a new science and much remains to be learned about the number of people who need help. It has been estimated, though, that one out of seven intelligent boys has trouble learning to read. For some reason girls are less often handicapped than boys.

For many decades the reading disabilities of children were not understood. Too often they are not today. Take Johnny, who is ten years old. He comes from a home of culture and moderate means. He is good looking and brighter than average. But Johnny has trouble when he looks at print. Bird comes out brid in his eyes. He gets B and D confused and, if reading aloud, he may say dutiful when the word is beautiful. But may become tub.

Tens of thousands of Americans, young and old, lead thwarted lives because their disability was not discovered in time.

To New York University came a textile executive who said that he was swamped by the reports and studies of the Department of Commerce and other agencies. He had to digest them or go out of business and there didn't seem time, even if he worked 18 hours a day.

The textile man made rapid progress, tripling his reading rate. His comprehension kept apace.

"My desk used to be piled so high," he said reminiscently, "that I could not see over the top of it. I felt like a hermit in the Himalayas. Now I keep up with my material as it comes in. My desk is as clear and uncluttered as Wall Street on a Sunday afternoon."

This article contains approximately 2,000 words—eight minutes for an average good reader.

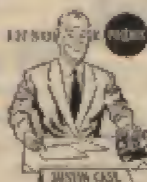


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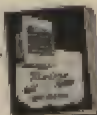
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WHAT'S A PORT AUTHORITY?

New York's former governor Al Smith once approached a businessman about an appointment.

"I'd like you to join the board of the Port of New York Authority," he said.

The executive, a genuinely public-spirited man, agreed.

"Sure, Al," he said. Then he paused reflectively. "Incidentally what is it?"

Truth is, nobody's been able to define it clearly. But Collie Small tells you a great deal about authorities in general and the Port of New York Authority in particular in his excellent article in this issue. Read...

PORT AUTHORITIES GOOD OR BAD

PAGE 25

THESE KIDS PLAY WITH TRAINS; REAL ONES



WHERE are the most enthusiastic rail fans in the United States? Frederic C. Dumaine, Jr., president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, will tell you: "They're in New Haven, Conn." These rail fans are between 12 and 17 years of age, but some of them are so thrilled over railroading as a hobby that they plan to become professional railroaders eventually.

The eager New Haven rail fans, about 100 strong, make up the Junior Railroaders Club. Dues are 50 cents a year. Their "benefits" include inspection trips to rail facilities in New Haven's great yards and holiday junkets to baseball games in New York and Boston.

They even wear engineers' uniforms for "on line" and "off line" meetings. An "on line" meeting may be an inspection of the New Haven diesel shop or a rail trip to a nearby point and return. An "off line" session may be a social program in the New Haven Railroad YMCA, featuring talks and movies about railroad subjects.

"It isn't just a social club," reminds one of the club's founders, Elwood H. Stewart, who is executive secretary of the New Haven Railroad "Y." "It's an organization where the youngsters work and learn about railroading. When they leave the club at 17 years of age, we counsel them toward their future work."

The New Haven Junior Chamber of Commerce provides members

who chaperon the boys whenever they meet or take excursions. The New Haven Road spends more than \$1,000 a year on this good will project of entertaining and educating junior railroaders.

The first meeting was held in 1950. Members must accept the club's creed, which calls for gentlemanly conduct and respect of private property. Violation of the creed may result in expulsion from the club.

Junior Railroaders have their heroes. One is veteran engineer Thomas Lyons, known to the members as the "chief engineer." Another is Archie T. Meickle, their "head conductor." "Bucky" Dumaine is their honorary president.

Mr. Lyons and Mr. Meickle help supervise the club's trips and meetings.

The latter teaches the boys how to read timetables and explains how conductors are chosen and trained.

The club's first big trip was to Boston. One of the most thrilled Junior Railroaders on the train was Joseph Metcalfe of West Haven. He realized the dream of the average American boy—to ride as junior engineer in the engine cab.

Joe's host in the Merchants' Limited cab was Mr. Lyons. Joe was allowed to handle the throttle for a short distance. He achieved this coveted honor by winning the club's scrapbook contest on railroad subjects.

He proudly showed his scrapbook to Mr. Dumaine at his Boston office. Then Joe was photographed by news photographers in Mr. Dumaine's private coach. Later he met Ted Williams, famed outfielder of the Boston Red Sox, at Fenway Park.

Junior Railroaders whose fathers are railroad employees are privileged to ride free on the trains; other members pay a special rate. A group, or crew, of five members on trips identify themselves as engineer, fireman, conductor, trainman and brakeman.

Recently the Junior Railroaders were excused from their school classes so they could don their engineers' uniforms and enjoy a trial run of the de luxe train "The Senator."

But it's not all fun for them. There is a serious side, too. The boys must act as gentlemen, as good citizens. Mr. Dumaine believes that other railroads would have as much success as the New Haven and its Junior Railroaders if they, too, sponsored similar groups.

—SANDO BOLOGNA

Port Authorities: Good or Bad

(Continued from page 26)

It operates and maintains Port Newark and the Idlewild, LaGuardia and Newark airports under 50-year leases with the respective owner-cities. As noted, the railroads themselves manage the railroad freight terminal under lease from the Port Authority. The Port Authority in turn is the sole owner and operator of the bridges, tunnels and other terminals, all of which, with the exception of the Holland Tunnel and Brooklyn grain terminal, it financed and built itself. The latter two properties were taken over by the Port Authority some years ago from government agencies which were having the familiar difficulty operating them in the black.

Because it is engaged in a rather feverish race to keep up with mounting tonnages, new cargo-handling techniques, and the increasing speed of modern transport, the Port Authority is constantly involved in other activities. Several months ago, for instance, it started construction on a new \$90,000,000 tube for the Lincoln Tunnel to relieve traffic congestion between Manhattan and New Jersey.

At the same time, it earmarked another \$22,000,000 for building and improving piers at Hoboken. It also continued experiments with a radar station on Staten Island, which it hopes will be taken over eventually by some shipping agency to direct harbor traffic in bad weather; pondered the place of the helicopter in future port development; and started thinking about the possibility of a third tunnel under the Hudson midway between the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels.

THROUGH all this, the Port Authority also maintained active branch offices in Washington, Chicago, Cleveland, and Rio de Janeiro to encourage the movement of commerce through the Port of New York rather than through such competitive ports as Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans. In its present aggressive frame of mind, the Port of New York Authority has no intention of permitting the port to be anything less than the nation's best and busiest.

Everything considered, the New York Port Authority comes remarkably close to fulfilling the classic specifications of an author-

ity. Austin J. Tobin, the executive director of the Port Authority, has said that the true authority is distinguished by its form as an independent corporate agency, its non-political operation, its service to a specific region, and its ability to be self-supporting. To a great degree, the New York Port Authority is all of these things, whereas most other authorities are not. The Tennessee Valley Authority, for example, is often thought of as self-supporting, but a large part of its capital costs are charged off to public service facilities and are not reflected in the costs of power production.

In its corporate make-up, as opposed to its actual operation, the New York Port Authority is not a particularly complicated machine. Its top policy board, for example, consists of six commissioners from each of the two states, or a board total of 12, including Mr. Cullman, chairman.

THE commissioners are appointed by their respective governors, serve without pay, and in order to be protected against political pressures, are removable only by the governors, as well. The only other device of administrative control in the hands of either state is a veto which either governor can exercise over the action of commissioners from his state. The minutes of the Port Authority's meetings are sent to each chief executive for approval or veto. In New York, they become binding after five days, and in New Jersey after ten days, if the veto is not exercised.

One of the more remarkable things about this dual operation is the fact that no commissioner has ever been even remotely suspected of state partisanship in his voting. Only one commissioner has ever been removed from the board.

The veto, moreover, has been used sparingly, the most important instance occurring in 1941 when the Port Authority adopted a resolution opposing the St. Lawrence seaway project. Both governors vetoed the resolution flatly, and a considerable legal wrangle developed over the question of whether the Port Authority was in a position to take an opposite view of official state policy.

Altogether, the Port Authority has some 3,700 employes, ranging from executives to tolltakers. As executive director, Mr. Tobin



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maintains roughly the same relationship to the Port Authority that a corporation president maintains to his company. It is significant that salaries, beginning with Mr. Tobin's \$45,000 a year, are considerably higher than in comparable government agencies and private businesses. The Port Authority pays high salaries simply because it feels it must attract men of exceptional initiative and imagination, and it considers this freedom to pay high salaries one of the prerogatives of its corporate status.

By following this policy faithfully, the Port Authority has succeeded in building up a star-studded staff with experts in almost every field, and when it finds it impossible to promote from within the organization, it searches relentlessly until it finds the man it wants. When it needed one, the Port Authority went to Indiana for a traffic engineer. Its personnel director came from Connecticut, and its superintendent of airports from Washington.

It has not always been easy sledding, however. The Port Authority,

particularly in the matter of financing, frequently found itself in the early days in the position of a drowning man trying to pull himself up out of the water by his own hair. The root of the problem lay in the fact that the Authority was given all necessary powers to implement its plans "except the power to levy taxes or assessments."

With the help of yearly \$100,000 advances from New York and New Jersey, loans which it has since paid back, the Port Authority was able to survive its shaky beginning, but it took ten years before it was able to start paying its own way, and as late as 1927 it still had no facilities or operating revenues.

Since that time, however, it has managed more than handsomely through its toll collections, the rentals it charges, the concessions it grants at various airports and terminals, and the revenue bonds it issues from time to time. During its 32 years, the Port Authority has issued bonds for new projects and refunding purposes with a face value of approximately \$750,000.-

GIVE



THE AMERICAN RED CROSS is going to need \$7,000,000 more this year than it had last year. Its fund goal for 1953 has been set at \$93,000,000.

The reason the Red Cross will need additional money is that it is undertaking a new program. It is going to collect blood to provide gamma globulin, a part of human blood, for use in fighting polio. Recent research has demonstrated that this product will help prevent and modify paralysis in polio victims.

This is a fine program. We need it. It costs money.

There is only one way for the Red Cross to raise this money.

The Red Cross must ask and receive it from the American people.

I am going to support the Red Cross. I am, because it does its work well.

A second reason I am strong for the Red Cross is that the organization receives a great deal of volunteer help in its operations. There is something about the Red Cross, about its programs, about the way it gets things done, that generates enthusiasm and makes people want to pitch in and help. The organization has more than 100 volunteer workers for every paid worker on its staff. That means that every dollar I contribute is multiplied many times.

These are two reasons I am for the Red Cross. The third reason is bigger still:

The jobs the Red Cross takes on are vitally important jobs, and they are jobs no one else does. Important jobs, yet without the Red Cross they would not get done.

So I am going to support the Red Cross. Millions of other Americans feel the same way I do, and I am confident that they will support it, too.—LAURENCE F. LEE, President, Chamber of Commerce of the United States

000 and has spent about \$400,000,-000 for bridges, tunnels, waterfront facilities, airports, and various other terminals. Its revenue from tolls alone comes to more than \$35,000,000 on its six interstate crossings.

Two aspects of the Port Authority's financing are especially important. All surplus revenues are pooled in a general reserve fund maintained in an amount equal to one tenth of the par value of all outstanding obligations for which the fund is pledged as security, and, ultimately, the surplus belongs to the two states. The two legislatures have also agreed not to impair the power of the commissioners to collect tolls as long as any bonds issued for bridge and tunnel purposes, or for airport development remain outstanding. Thus, the holders of bridge, tunnel and airport bonds are amply protected.

IT IS a fortunate thing for the Port Authority, of course, that investors have learned to appreciate the strength of its credit rating. Only 20 years ago, the War Department flatly declined to consider New York Port Authority bonds, thereby forcing the Authority at one critical moment to borrow the money needed from the states. Such is progress, however, that when a \$30,000,000 block of airport bonds was put up for sale about four years ago, three large insurance companies snapped it up without thinking twice about it.

For all its success and good works, the Port Authority can not be said to dwell constantly in a state of high good humor. Possibly because it realizes it is an essentially meritorious agency, it is especially thin-skinned when it comes to criticism, and even a sulcid from the George Washington Bridge can put it in a foul temper if it thinks the Authority is being blamed in any way. As might be expected, it reacted with acute sensitivity in late 1951 and early 1952 when a series of three plane crashes resulted in the temporary closing of Newark Airport.

While most people consider it a reasonable arrangement, the Port Authority does not like to be reminded of the fact that it is protected from competition in the sense that no one else can build any tunnels or bridges in the Port District as long as the Authority has bridge and tunnel bonds outstanding.

The question of taxation also vexes it occasionally. Generally speaking, the Port Authority has

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Manufacturing -	558,000,000	1,290,000,000



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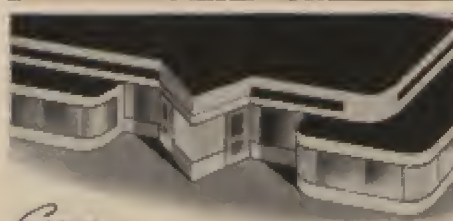
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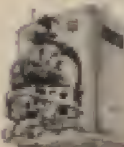
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taken the position that, as a bi-state agency, it is as immune from taxation as the two states themselves. Various cities, however, have insisted from time to time that the Authority's activities are of a proprietary nature when they include the acquisition of property and that the Authority should therefore be taxed on that score.

As things now stand, the Port Authority is at least temporarily victorious in this running dispute, although it has made one concession. It pays no taxes either to city or state on its property, income, gasoline, or other purchases, or on its motor vehicle registrations, but when it acquires property, it customarily attempts to keep the peace by paying the city involved an annual amount equivalent to the taxes paid on the property before the Port Authority took it over.

WITH the possible exception of the federal Government, whose position on authorities is not entirely clear, the Port Authority's severest critic and most constant gadfly is probably Robert Moses, the power behind virtually all capital improvements in New York City. All told, Mr. Moses occupies 11 chairs, and among other things he is the coordinator of construction in the city. Since the Port Authority, however independent it is, must deal with the city of New York on all projects affecting city streets, for example, it repeatedly encounters Mr. Moses in head-on collisions.

In the fall of 1951, to cite an example, the Port Authority applied for permission to build a new tube for the Lincoln Tunnel, and in so doing it proposed to spend some \$90,000,000, out of which at least \$21,000,000 would be used for approaches to the tube. Planning Commissioner Moses insisted that the Port Authority should put up still another \$30,000,000 for a cross-town expressway into mid-Manhattan. Port Authority Chairman Cullman quickly accused Mr. Moses of undue interference, and the latter exploded visibly.

"This business of the Authority's walking into a city and building approaches on its own terms is a lot of hoopay," he snapped.

Subsequently, Mr. Moses was mollified, and the Port Authority was granted permission to proceed along the lines it had originally proposed. That did not stop others, however, from taking equally close looks at the Port Authority operation and reaching other conclusions.

One of the most thoughtful

critics of the Port Authority is Thomas Jefferson Miley, an extremely articulate man who represents private industry as the executive vice president of the Commerce and Industry Association of New York. Mr. Miley feels that the New York Port Authority is quite probably the best of all the authorities in the United States, and he pays it other compliments as well. On the other hand, he also harbors an uneasy feeling from time to time that the Port Authority is on the verge of overstepping its logical boundaries.

Not long ago, to cite one example, the Port Authority contemplated building a drive-in theater on land it owns adjacent to Idlewild Airport. The plan was temporarily abandoned because of a shortage of materials, but should it be re-activated, it would obviously mean that the Port Authority would be going into competition with private theaters in that section of New York, and could, moreover, give its lessee an enormous advantage, inasmuch as the Port Authority pays no taxes.

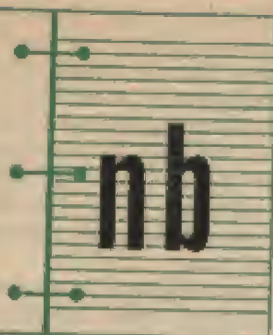
Similarly, the Port Authority has offered "considerable acreage" at Idlewild, Newark and Teterboro airports "for industrial development." In proposing to build one-story industrial buildings for long-term lease as factories or whatever, the Port Authority is offering industrial sites exempt from real estate taxes, and is therefore offering tenants a potentially advantageous position over their competitors across the road, so to speak.

THIS problem of where the Port Authority's activities should start and stop is a vexing one. Mr. Miley, for one, feels that "As soon as any authority begins to compete with private industry, it's time to pause and take another look."

The Port Authority, on the other hand, said in connection with the proposed drive-in theater that it would consider itself "derelict in its responsibility to the citizens and taxpayers of New York City, if it did not exercise due diligence in attempting to develop revenues from proper legitimate sources on the property leased to it by the City of New York for that purpose."

Whatever the circumstances, the true answer to all these questions is undoubtedly contained in the words of another Port Authority critic:

"An authority is not a cure-all, but a specific. Those who use this medicine must know what they are doing."



nb notebook

Credit becomes liquid

MANY small business houses—and some large ones in Long Island's Nassau County—are able to do a credit business and still avoid the headaches that such business entails by participating in a plan developed by the Franklin National Bank of New York.

Under the plan, a housewife can do her grocery shopping, get a permanent wave, have some clothes cleaned, buy toys for junior and patronize a pet store, then pay the whole amount with one check at the end of the month.

For the participating members, the bank serves as credit, accounting, bookkeeping and collection office.

As the system operates, bank customers who have established themselves as charge accounts, present their identification cards to the clerk and sign a sales slip when they make a purchase. At the end of the day the merchant sends his sales slips to the bank where they are credited to his account just as cash would be. At the end of the month the bank bills the customer for the amount of his total sales slips. The bank gets five per cent of the total showing of the sales slips. For the merchant, the plan means freer working capital and opportunity to concentrate his personnel on merchandising and selling.

According to Joseph M. Russakoff of the Vanguard Advertising Agency, who describes the plan in "Journal of Retailing," published by New York University's School of Retailing, banks in Rochester, N. Y., and Kalamazoo, Mich., also have adopted the plan on a royalty basis.

Roadblocks for accidents

AFTER a year's trial which showed automobile fatalities considerably reduced, the Colorado state highway patrol is continuing the practice of setting up roadblocks which it began in November, 1951.

Last year more than 100 blocks

were set up and nearly 13,000 drivers were stopped. Patrolmen, checking brakes, lights, and emergency equipment as well as a driver's sobriety, license and registration, found about 5,000 violations. Of 745 drivers ticketed, only one was drunk.

Experience has shown that five to eight patrolmen can operate a block efficiently on routes of medium traffic but that at least 15 are needed on heavily traveled highways. The number of blocks set up, therefore, depends on the number of patrolmen who can be spared at a given time.

Matches in politics

WITH all outlying precincts accounted for, the Match Industry Information Bureau is now able to report that, in the 1952 election, more candidates than ever before used match covers as campaign material.

The total was boosted by the 3,000,000 match books bearing get-out-the-vote messages sponsored by hundreds of business firms and civic groups.

As for the effectiveness of this form of campaigning, Sam Rosen, a New York City match book collector who specializes in politicals, estimates that 80 per cent of the candidates whose books he collected won. The most ingenious slogan so far turned up was that of a Kentucky candidate for sheriff whose books carried the words "He hasn't done too much harm."

Erie gives scholarships

THE ERIE Railroad has joined the long list of companies that are assuring worthy young people a chance at a college education.

Paul W. Johnston, president of the road, has announced that the Erie will award five scholarships each year to children of its employees.

The awards, made by a committee composed of persons having no official connection with the road, will be made on a basis of competi-

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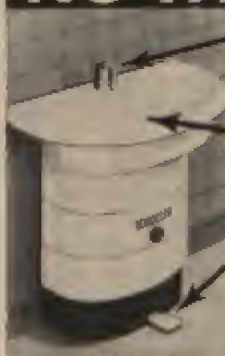
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tive examinations, scholastic performance, character and other qualities. Winners may select their own four-year course at any accredited university or college.

For a student to be eligible, the parent must have at least ten years service with the Erie and have average earnings of less than \$7,500 a year.

The Erie expects to have the plan operating in time for winners to enroll in the fall term this year. As a scholarship provides \$1,000 each year over a four-year course, the plan, when fully operating, will be helping to support 20 students every term.

A tour for directors

THE FORMAT of the usual directors' meeting is about as standardized as any human procedure can become. Over the years few people have dared to tinker with its formality—a tradition which held no terrors for the staff of the Timber Engineering Company of Washington, D. C.

The directors, arriving recently for their regular session, found that, instead of meeting as usual in a hotel room, they were being taken to the company's lumber and wood products laboratory on the edge of town.

There they spent the morning on a conducted tour under the guidance of staff members.

At noon the party lined up for box lunches of fried chicken and shrimp which they ate with wood forks and spoons and washed down with coffee from paper cups, using technologists' desks for luncheon tables.

The afternoon business session was held among plate presses, high frequency equipment and other research apparatus where the directors could see as well as hear the results of past accomplishments, progress on current projects and possibilities in future plans.

"Expressions of those who attended the tour and luncheon, as well as from those who could not be present, point clearly to the desirability of similar meetings in the future," says Harry G. Uhl, company president.

Welcome in four colors

THE IDEA of "welcome booklets" is not new. Many companies have used them to give visitors waiting in the anteroom something to do except play with their hats.

The usual custom is for the receptionist to hand the visitor the booklet which contains informa-

tion about the company and its products, sometimes maps of the city with hotels, transportation facilities and points of interest identified and, usually, a selling message.

The formula seemed fairly well established. So the Tide Water Associated Oil Company was startled recently when it was swamped by requests for copies of its new entry in the welcome booklet field. They came from companies in all parts of the United States, Canada, Hawaii, France and Germany, as well as from students, military men, publishers and hospitals.

If all those who wrote for copies plan to publish welcome booklets of their own, enough material should soon be available to offer a challenging field to hobbyists.

If all the books were as colorful as the Tide Water effort, a collection of welcome booklets would make a colorful display. Theirs is five by seven inches, printed in four colors and uses both cartoons and photographs as illustrations.

High cost of letters

TALK may be cheap but it gets expensive when put in writing. A survey by Lumbermans Mutual Casualty Company shows that it costs more than \$1 to write and process the average business letter.

National Laugh Week

NOT TO BE outdone by associations in other fields, the National Association of Gagwriters has come up with a "cause." As stated by George Lewis, president, the goal in which businessmen are asked to join is: "Help keep a smile on the map of America."

To this end, the association, with the Museum of American Comedy, Laugh Book Magazine, and the Humor Societies of America as co-sponsors, has proclaimed April 1 to 8 as National Laugh Week. The theme for this observance which starts appropriately on April Fool's Day is "Bigger Laughs for Better Living."

For those whose humor resources are unequal to the challenge this slogan presents, the association has set up an "executives service division" designed to provide businessmen with contact with professional comedy writers who will work with them in creating funny lines for banquets, business meetings or similar occasions. This "speech-gagging" service will be available, they say, not only during Laugh Week but from here on.



Pete Progress and the doctor without any patience

"Trying to wear out the pavement, Doc?" asked Pete Progress.

"Why?" returned Doc Parsons testily.

"Noticed you tapping your foot and tearing your hair like you were mad or something," said Pete.

"I am," said Doc. "Where's that new hospital the town was going to build? Conditions are abominable. Lots of talk and no action."

"Seems like you're doing a spate of talking yourself, Doc," said Pete. "Doing any acting?"

"What do you mean?" asked Doc.

"I mean like the fellows at the Chamber of Commerce are doing," said Pete.

"They want the hospital just as badly as you, so they've organized a drive to get enough money to build it."

"Do you suppose they have room for a doctor in the Chamber?" asked Doc.

"Sure thing," said Pete, "more the merrier. Every new member means that much more giving to the community rather than taking. Means we get hospitals, schools, fire equipment, parks—oh, lots of things."

"Say," said Doc, "what those fellows are doing is right down my alley."

"How's that?" said Pete.

"Looks like I'm going to have a hand in one of the biggest operations on record," said Doc.

Your chamber of commerce is working for you. Why don't you help them?



JOB, THE NEW MONOPOLY

AMONG the domestic tasks which the new Administration faces, few will require such extreme delicacy as will the revision of the labor laws. The reason is that discussions in this field have a way of bursting into flame quite capable of destroying the good, along with the bad, before it is brought under control.

This was true in the days when workmen first banded together.

It is even more true today when unions, grown strong in men and money, are able to enforce their will not only against employers but against the public at large—an ability that unions have not hesitated to demonstrate by calling strikes which paralyzed great sections of the national economy.

In treating the citizens so cavalierly, the unions obviously forgot that it was the public—through the Administration that it voted into power—that made labor great. Although American employes made some attempts at concerted action as early as 1786, they accomplished very little. As late as 1935 when the Wagner Act became law unions could muster only 3,728,000 members. In two years the number almost doubled. By 1941 it had grown to 10,489,000; by 1947 to 15,414,000.

What the public gave, it can also take away and the proposed revision of the labor laws offers an opportunity for thoughtless revenge which could so cripple unions that they cannot make the worthwhile contributions which they are capable of making to the American way of life.

It is urgent then that, as we undertake to curb union abuses, we determine precisely what makes those abuses possible. Fortunately, the virus is not hard to isolate.

In a phrase it is: the union's monopoly bargaining power. Teamed with the union shop which gives a union complete control over an industry, as well as gigantic funds resulting from the check-off device, this power makes the national union leader complete master not only over his union's industry, but over all those who depend on that industry for goods or services.

Even without the advantage of the closed shop, unions have accomplished 80 to 100 per cent organization in more than 30 industries. Among these are basic steel, rubber, men's and women's clothing, automobiles, aircraft, agricultural equipment, aluminum, cement, coal mining, stevedoring, railroads, trucking and maritime operations. In any of these, bargaining power over wages and labor supply is so concentrated that a single union can make demands on the entire industry and, failing to get what it demands, can paralyze that industry.

In trucking, for example, one union is in nationwide control of the collective bargaining contracts for more than 1,000,000 truck drivers. Teamster wage rates cannot become final until the international union approves each contract.

The Steelworkers' Union, with a membership of almost 1,000,000, monopolizes the wage demands that affect substantially all the basic steel industry.

In practice it singles out one of the major companies and concentrates its demands upon it. When one company is obliged to capitulate, it presses the terms of the settlement on the others.

The monopoly power the United Mine Workers exercise is well known in every American home.

It is not surprising that union leaders have set monopoly bargaining power as a goal. They recognize that a bargaining unit so large places employers at a disadvantage because employers are forbidden by law to conspire and dictate terms as to the goods or services they sell the public.

This sort of inequity is obviously contrary to the principles of democracy and certainly is not the will of the American people. It is even doubtful if it is the will of the individual union worker because monopoly power, coupled with the closed shop, frees union leaders from the greatest incentive to good unionism—voluntary support from a satisfied membership. Some way must be found to direct union power into proper channels if organized labor is to continue to be the true servant of American employes and the public interest.

But there is grave danger that the zeal to accomplish this may lead to improper remedies.

One of these often proposed is "compulsory arbitration" which bobs up under the label of "labor courts," "emergency controls" or "a fact-finding body." In whatever form it takes, this remedy would

mean the end of free collective bargaining with government edict substituted for voluntary action.

"Government seizure," another proposed method, is at best a poor remedy. Neither labor nor management would favor it unless one of them thought the process would be used to its advantage.

Actually the only way to cure monopoly is to deal with it as it was dealt with in the business world six decades ago: break up the monopolies.

Broadly speaking, two methods of accomplishing this in the union field are proposed. One would make union combinations to fix wages a violation of the antitrust laws. The other would limit the size and scope of the bargaining unit. To make the cure complete, a combination of the two might be necessary.

Regardless of the remedy selected there should be no interference with local group or area bargaining unless it is a cause of monopolistic abuse that is detrimental to the national welfare. Unnecessary interference with established practice would be most unwise.

Care must be taken likewise that unionism itself is allowed to survive and grow. Local unions and their internationals should be left free to advise with one another and exchange information.

And in conjunction with any remedy proposed, compulsory unionism in every form should be outlawed. It is bad when imposed by a powerful international union.

Even when imposed by a local union, it strikes at the basic freedom of the individual.





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